

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXVI.

## CONTENTS.

1. OLIVER CROMWELL, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	771
2. HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS. Conclusion. Translated from the <i>Platt-Deutsch</i> of . . . . .	<i>Fritz Reuter</i> , . . . . .	784
3. CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT, . . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	792
4. THE PARISIANS. By Lord Lytton. Part I., . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	799
5. SARAH MARTIN, THE DRESS-MAKER, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	813
6. AN EVENING WITH MRS. SOMERVILLE, . . . . .	<i>People's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	816
7. MRS. BROWNING'S DOG "FLUSH," . . . . .	<i>Notes and Queries</i> , . . . . .	817
8. PARTY COLORS, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	818
9. KOTOW, . . . . .	<i>Once a Week</i> , . . . . .	820
10. THE PRUSSIAN STATE CHURCH, . . . . .	<i>Economist</i> , . . . . .	821
11. HISTORY OF RUSSIAN PROGRESS IN CHINA, . . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> , . . . . .	822

\*. \* Title and Index to Volume CXVI.

## POETRY.

MARY'S DREAM, . . . . .	770	MY STUDY, . . . . .	770
HOME AGAIN, . . . . .	770		

MISCELLANY, . . . . .	791
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## MARY'S DREAM.

THEY parted in tears at the shining bay,  
 And her heart was sad and her eyes were dim:  
 And her lover was gone for a year and a day,  
 And she looked o'er the waves and prayed for  
 him,  
 And still she heard by the land or the lea  
 The wail of the moaning sea.

She dreamed that she saw him one stormy night,  
 When the billows were high and the wind was  
 loud;

The ship was tossing, the waves were white,  
 And the black hull seemed like a drifting  
 shroud.

The sun shone out on the morrow morn,  
 And Mary went down to the quiet shore,  
 To see her lover all white and torn,  
 And kiss the lips that would speak no more.  
 And still she hears by the land or the lea  
 The wail of the moaning sea.

Public Opinion.

S. L. P.

## HOME AGAIN.

HOME again! spared the perils of years,  
 Spared of rough seas and rougher lands,  
 And I look in your eyes once, once again,  
 Hear your voices and grasp your hands;

Not changed the least, least bit in the world;  
 Not aged a day, as it seems to me!  
 The same dear faces, the same dear home, —  
 All the same as it used to be!

Ah! here is the garden; here the limes  
 Still in their sunset green and gold,  
 And the level lawn with the pattern in't  
 Where the grass has been newly roll'd.

And here come the rabbits lumping along, —  
 No! that's never the same white doe  
 With the pinky lops and the munching mouth;  
 Yet 'tis like her as snow to snow.

And here's Nep in his old heraldic style,  
 Erect, chain-tightening all he can,  
 With Topsy wagging that inch of tail, —  
 What, you know me again, old man?

The pond where the lilies float and bloom!  
 The gold fish in it just the same,  
 Too fat to stir in the cool, — yes, one  
 Shoots, and gleams, and goes out like flame!

And still in the meadow, daisy-white,  
 Its whistling flight the arrow wings,  
 And the fallen target's central "gold,"  
 Glitters, — a planet with its rings!

And yonder's the tree with the giant's face,  
 Sharp nose and chin against the blue,  
 And the wide elm branches, meeting, bear  
 Our famous swing between the two.

No change! nay, it only seems last night  
 I blurted back your fond good-byes,  
 As I heard the rain drip from the eaves  
 And felt its moisture in my eyes.

Only last night that you throng'd the porch,  
 Each choking words we could not say,  
 And poor little Jim's white face peep'd out,  
 Dimly seen while I stole away.

Poor little Jim! in this happy hour  
 His wee, white face our hearts recall,  
 And I miss a hand and a voice, and see  
 The little crutch beside the wall.

So all life's sunshine is flecked with shade,  
 So all delight is toughed with pain,  
 So tears of sorrow and tears of joy  
 Welcome the wanderer home again!

W. SAWYER.

## MY STUDY.

Yes! Contemplation hath her holy nooks!  
 Thou'rt one of them, my Study, in my eyes;  
 And thee I love, and as devoutly prize,  
 As can their palaces great kings or dukes.  
 Behold! thy morn-illuminated window looks  
 On roses, daisies, butterflies, and bees;  
 On the towered town-clock, yonder blue-dim  
 trees,

And far horizonhills with viewless brooks.  
 Here is my desk, and there my shelves of books,  
 Topped with a bust of Samuel at his prayers,  
 Who fronts a pictured man of reverend hairs,  
 And brow that frowns with grave and just re-  
 bukes.

Thee Morns I give; then haste to April's nooks,  
 Or Summer's bean-fields, Autumn's purple hills,  
 Or fruitful hazels fringing hermit rills,  
 Or to her ripe fields and her wealthy stooks;  
 For every day must have its playful hour,  
 In haunts of men, or Nature's sunny bower.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Contemporary Review.  
OLIVER CROMWELL.

THAT there should be a play on the boards of the Lyceum called "Charles I." and a play on the boards of the Queen's called "Oliver Cromwell," indicates some quickening of interest on the part of the public in the characters and events of England's greatest revolution. It is, indeed, safe to pronounce the feeling superficial. Mr. Wills and Mr. Irving demonstrate most satisfactorily that, when a London audience sees a pensive, gentlemanly man compelled to bid adieu to his wife and children and go to have his head cut off, instead of sailing with them in gilt barges, the said audience will enjoy a good cry upon the subject; and if any man doubts Cromwell's courage and devotion to liberty, he may feel the unreasonableness of his scepticism when he beholds the Puritan leader dauntless amid a blaze of fireworks, or heroically endangering the arteries of his windpipe by screaming about free-e-dom. These clever and successful plays prove that spectacle has annihilated history on the stage of Shakespeare. This is their principal significance; but it is not too much to say that they evince a certain wistfulness of gaze by a discerning public towards the most stirring and exalted period in the history of this island, — a vague wish to know something about Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell, — which is better than blank indifference.

The controversy as to the character of Charles I. may be said to be closed. He was a weak man. In how far his weakness was associated with conscious falsity and cruelty, and was therefore culpable, and in how far it was mere sickness of nature and mal-adjustment of circumstance and therefore purely pitiable, may still be disputed: that he was incompetent, — that his theorem of England's and his own situation would not work, — that, as king or supreme magistrate, he was in no sense exemplary but in every sense the reverse of exemplary, — this is no longer disputable. A most ill-omened, fate-stricken person; ill-omened for his enemies, still more for his friends; one who never had a friend whom he did not disappoint, or a gleam of success that did not lead him astray. But

as to Oliver Cromwell, the controversy is not yet closed. Mr. Bisset, a fair and well-informed writer, still condemns him, and Mr. Bisset's opinion is probably shared by many. "Greatness stained by crime," or as it might be more correctly expressed, "greatness combined with villainy," is Mr. Bisset's formula for Cromwell. "Fairfax and Ireton," says Mr. Bisset, "were men of the strictest and most punctilious honour. . . . The difference between them and Cromwell was the difference between the Roman generals while Roman generals were men of honour, and the Roman generals when Rome had become thoroughly corrupt." There is truth in this view of the relation of the immaculate Fairfax and Ireton to Cromwell, but it is far from the whole truth. The hero of Romance, the scrupulous, delicate-minded, delicate-handed hero, the hero whom you have in perfection in Schiller's dramas, does exist in life and is a real and great power; but he is seldom or never the greatest power. Oliver had a strong, rough, practical instinct, incompatible with fastidiousness. Ireton and Vane were sensitively high and pure in money matters. Ireton refused £2000 in land offered him by the Parliament; Vane refused £2500 when there was no call to do so, and when no eye but God's was on the transaction. There is a flowerlike, feminine virtue in this that we admire and ought to admire. But, account for it as you may — and there is no great difficulty in accounting for it — the most effective and, on the whole, greatest men are not heroes on this pattern. They have no idea of working without their wages. Wellington accepted with thanks what the nation gave him; Havlock was almost painfully prosaic in summing up what he might expect for his victories; Cromwell took what he honestly got. Nature gets most work out of the non-fastidious heroes. Of course I maintain that Oliver was a man of conscience and of honour, equal, in these respects, or superior, to Roman generals in Rome's best age.

If it is true that Cromwell was, as Mr. Carlyle affirms, an honourable, upright man, not ignobly cunning and selfish, then Mr. Carlyle's book upon Cromwell is un-

questionably one of the noblest in historical literature, and testifies to an amazing originality, independence, and force of mind. Who that has gone up and down even for a little in the waste of Restoration literature, can fail to appreciate these qualities as displayed by Mr. Carlyle in his book? You find yourself, when you get into those regions, encircled by a Babel of tongues, all, in their several dialects, clamouring against Cromwell. From the sleek episcopal eloquence of Clarendon to the vociferous hootings of Lilburne, from the plausible diplomatic insinuation of White-locke to the pensively fervid remonstrance of Baxter, from the sanctified wormwood and gall of Mrs. Hutchinson to the confused, blustering fury of Joyce, — Prelatist, Presbyterian, Royalist, Republican, Leveller, — all tones of speech and all colours of politics combine against Cromwell. Presuming Mr. Carlyle to be right in his main hypothesis, — that Cromwell was an honest man, — his feat in keeping his intellectual nerve steady amid all this din, in penetrating by sheer force of vision all this dust, is parallel to that of Cromwell in retaining his calmness of perception in the tumult of his wildest battles. On the whole this is Mr. Carlyle's greatest book. His French Revolution is incomparable in vividness of dramatic presentation, but the historical student is ultimately forced to confess that too much has been sacrificed in it to pictorial effect; and in relation to Frederick II. and Frederick William of Prussia, he has failed to lead the intelligence of Europe: but although that theory of hero-worship which has had effects infinitely disastrous upon the later literary activity of Mr. Carlyle was injurious even when he wrote on Cromwell, he did succeed in changing the current of European opinion respecting the Protector. There may still be discussions long and animated about Cromwell; but until Mr. Carlyle wrote, his life was unintelligible. Carlyle raised him from the dead. I believe that no man in his own age fully understood Cromwell or could do him justice. Oliver indeed knew as much; as God had never failed him, he believed, and said, that God would look after his reputation; and if Mr. Carlyle has not

completely fulfilled this prophecy, he has done so much towards fulfilling it that what remains to be done is comparatively insignificant. In considering the errors, as I must think them, of such writers as Guizot and Mr. Bisset, with respect to Cromwell, I have been impressed with the idea that they have failed simply from not reading Carlyle patiently enough and from not pondering sufficiently the history of the period in connection with the deeds and words of Cromwell.

The influence of Hume has, doubtless, been powerful in determining the opinion of authors in a sense unfavourable to Cromwell, and Hume's treatment of the man, as compared with that of Carlyle, is instructive. Hume is the recognized prince and demi-god of the non-religious schools of modern philosophy, the sovereign thinker who has annihilated metaphysics and theology. Well, this sublimely gifted person undertakes to do a piece of plain historical work, — to discover the truth about a period in the history of his own country which is of eminent and admitted importance. The central figure in this period is Oliver Cromwell, and an indispensable condition of understanding the period is to understand him. How does Hume set about the solution of this main problem in his work? He glances at Cromwell's speeches jauntily, sniffingly, in a mood of pleasant indifference dashed by cynicism; finds that, thus looked at, they are a coil of confusion; quotes from them to show what Bedlam trash they are; and appeals, with mild twinkle of philosophic mirth, to his reader whether he, the historian, does more or less than justice to this singular compound of fanaticism, hypocrisy, and genius. What Cromwell's speech wanted to make it luminous was no more than honest reading, with adequate knowledge of the history of the time, and strenuous practical sympathy with man not as an abstraction but in the concrete. Hume may have been successful, or he may not, in mapping out the firmament of thought and resolving the nebulous vapours of theology and metaphysics into fixed stars, but in doing this little bit of terrestrial work he trivially and contemptibly failed.



The deepest secret of Carlyle's measureless superiority, as an interpreter of Cromwell, to Guizot, Hallam, and scores of other able men from Clarendon to Hume, and from Hume to Bisset, is affinity of genius between Cromwell and Carlyle. Cromwell's ecstasies and paroxysms are to the others "brain-sick fancies;" his faith is an incomprehensible illusion; his tears, his adjurations, his appeals to the Almighty as his witness, are the audacities of a hypocrite or the ravings of a fanatic. To Carlyle the atmosphere of transcendent emotion in which Cromwell lives is not incomprehensible; it is not only comprehensible, but renders all else comprehensible. What Cromwell called his conversion is for Carlyle the essential key to his character and conduct. "His deliverance from the jaws of eternal death;" his acceptance into the kingdom of everlasting life, into the company of the redeemed, dear to God "as the apple of His eye;" his conviction henceforth that God worked in him and by him, and that his life, so long as he did the will of God, revealed to him in the Bible and by the irresistible impulse on his mind of the Divine Spirit invoked by habitual prayer, was expressly moulded and directed by God: these are for Mr. Carlyle the vital explicative facts in Cromwell's career and character. The question, what Cromwell's conversion physiologically and psychologically, naturally or supernaturally, meant, we are not called upon to answer: but it is clear that by unveiling this fountain of transcendent emotion in Cromwell, Carlyle brought into distinct manifestation a force sufficient to account for his energy in the battle-field, and his agitated demeanour on other occasions. The careful and exhaustive application of this hypothesis to Cromwell's conduct will be found to be practically an irresistible demonstration of its soundness. No other hypothesis will account for half so many of the facts to be accounted for. All those people of his own or the succeeding generation who speak or scream against Cromwell in their various dialects differ as to the nature of his delinquency. Each of his accusers could account in a manner satisfactory to the accuser for one

little knot of facts, but none of them could account for all; and what they call in question, to wit, the simple faith and integrity of Cromwell, is a clue which takes us through every winding of the labyrinth out into the light. The sceptic of our day will observe with his usual cleverness that, if Cromwell really believed that, under certain circumstances the Almighty would, as he told Parliament, rend him and them in pieces, that his Father in heaven "put it upon him" to turn the Rump out of doors, and that the victory of Dunbar was an infallible intimation by Providence that the Scots were holding to the letter instead of the spirit of their Covenant, he would have been a fool; and that therefore, since fools do not, in perilous times, rise to be Lord Protectors, he must have been a hypocrite. But this is to beg the question in a very shallow way; and for my part I confess my belief with Mr. Carlyle, that much less can be explained in history by the hypothesis of hypocrisy than by that of inspiration.

There is nothing of much importance known about Cromwell's boyhood and youth. He was distinguished by physical rather than intellectual vigour, in so far as intellectual vigour is attested by bookishness. Heath says that he was a famous player at quarter-staff, a circumstance which may have stood him in good stead when he became a cavalry officer. At Cambridge he got some tincture of Latin, but escaped both the chief dangers by which Universities beset practical genius — that of formalizing and making it pedantic, and that of wasting up the mental force or softening the mental fibre. In some sense and for some time he gave attention to law in London, but seems to have carried with him from whatever Inn of Court he frequented little more than a conviction of the chicanery, extortion, pedantry and corrupt tardiness of the profession, which conviction was one of his fixed ideas through life. He married at the age of twenty-one, and retired to native Huntingdon to take up house with his wife and his mother.

Heath says that Cromwell led a wild life about London, and the fact that it is

Heath who says so is hardly, as Mr. Carlyle seems to think, a proof that he did *not* give way to gambling and dissipation. The severity of his mental struggles in the period of spiritual crisis and transition tends to confirm Heath's statement. Sir Philip Warwick's references to Cromwell's mental troubles are brief but suggestive. Dr. Simcott, Oliver's physician, "had often been sent for at midnight." Cromwell used to fancy himself on the point of death, was for many years in a state of moody despondency, and appears to have at times verged on insanity. Had he written down his experience at this time, it would probably have been similar to that of Bunyan. At length, by what processes and through what means we know not, his gloom and doubt passed into exultant faith. There was earnest religion at that time in England, which was not Puritan; but the most intense, vehement, impassioned religion of England was Puritanic; and this had the recommendation for a young man whose heart was on fire with the ardours of first love, of being frowned upon by Principalities and Powers. Certain it is that Oliver was a Puritan of the Puritans, and imbibed not only their fierce hatred of Popery, but their suspicion and dislike of Episcopacy, as a half-way house between Popery and Protestantism. In these views he never wavered. He told his last Parliament that "men of the Episcopal spirit, with all the branches, the root and the branches," were prepared to "trouble nations for an interest which is but mixed at the best,—made up of iron and clay, like the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's image." On the same occasion he referred to the times when there had been designs "to innovate upon us in matters of religion; and so to innovate as to eat out the core, and power, and heart, and life of all religion by bringing on us a company of poisonous Popish ceremonies."

Cromwell sat for Huntingdon in Charles's third Parliament, which met in March, 1628, and was dissolved in March, 1629. It is the Parliament of the Petition of Right, in which Eliot, Pym, and Hampden headed the Commons, and the character, policy, and generalship of the Puritan and popular party first became grandly obvious to the eye of history. The weakest thing in Carlyle's book about Cromwell is his under-valuation of Hampden; the weakest thing in his separate lecture on Oliver is what he says about Pym. Cromwell sat at the feet of these men, and beyond the lesson which he learned from these men, he never went. He profoundly

respected Vane, and was influenced by him; he profoundly respected Ireton, and deferred to him considerably; but Clarendon says that he adored Hampden, who was his near kinsman, and until both Pym and Hampden were in their graves he did not take a leading place in the House of Commons. Oliver detested compliments and eulogies, but I wonder that the words of solemn and affectionate praise in which he referred to Hampden in one of his speeches to his second Parliament did not impress Mr. Carlyle differently. "I had a very worthy friend then," said Oliver, "and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all—Mr. John Hampden." Hampden agreed with Cromwell as to the desirability of enlisting men to fight the Puritan battle who "made some conscience of what they did," if only it were found practicable. He discerned, before war was thought of, that Cromwell was the greatest practical genius in England. His troops attracted notice for their fine condition as well as Cromwell's. Mr. Carlyle seems to think that Hampden disapproved or slighted Cromwell's idea as to the kind of soldiers to be raised, but he did nothing of the kind. "Very natural in Mr. Hampden," says Mr. Carlyle, "if I recollect him well! With his close thin lips, and very vigilant eyes; with his clear official understanding; lively sensibilities to 'unspotted character,' 'safe courses,' &c., &c. A very brave man, but formidably thick-skulled, and with pincer-lips, and eyes very vigilant." I shall say nothing of the countenance of Hampden except that, to my own thinking, it is the very ideal of a hero-face; strong as the ancient rock, but soft as summer air, with intellectual fineness and calmness that would have fitted a great artist or scholar, and yet the firm, decisive lines of a great man of action. But when I recollect that Hampden, while still a young man, was flung into prison for his opposition to the Court; that he incurred the formal guilt of high treason, the risk of losing not only his reputation but his life, by negotiations with the Covenanters before 1640; that he, like Cromwell, became a soldier the moment the war broke out; that he urgently remonstrated against the lukewarm manner in which the war was at first carried on by the Parliament, and that he died in an act of almost foolhardy valour; I cannot express my surprise that Mr. Carlyle should have spoken of him in terms applicable to a Clarendon or a Falkland. It was no punctilious, clear official man who ruled, like a

very spirit of the tempest, in the stormy debates of the Long Parliament, between the death of Strafford and the attempt on the Five Members, and whose presence of mind and skill in Parliamentary tactics were believed to have prevented the opposing parties, in the debate on the Grand Remonstrance, from plunging their swords into each other's bodies.

"One breaks down often enough," says Mr. Carlyle, "in the constitutional eloquence of the admirable Pym, with his 'seventhly and lastly.' You find that it may be the admirablest thing in the world, but that it is heavy — heavy as lead, barren as brick-clay." The best wheat in the world is grown on brick-clay, and English freedom in modern time, with all that, in America or elsewhere, has sprung from the freedom of England, is due to the constitutional eloquence of Pym and Hampden. If any one imagines that Pym was a cautious, fine-spoken Girondin, let him read Mr. Browning's tragedy of "Strafford," and learn how he struck down the terrible Earl. It would, in fact, be superfluous and impertinent to speak a word in defence of Hampden and Pym, were it not that in order to do comprehensive justice to Cromwell — in order to understand him not only in the power and splendour of his own genius, but in relation to the preceding and succeeding periods of English history, — nay, in order to obtain, in addition to that conception of his religious character which enables you to apprehend his personal honesty, a tenable and rational theory of his conduct as a politician and a statesman, you must realize the fact of his reverence not only for these men, but for the principles which they represented. No theory of imperialism will explain or vindicate Cromwell; and with all his admiration, Mr. Carlyle differs fundamentally from his hero in that he does not share Cromwell's rooted and inflexible devotion to constitutional liberty.

A modern reader is apt to be surprised and disappointed by what seems the baldness of the patriotic programme of Pym and his party at the time of Charles's third Parliament. A few specific concessions, adequately guaranteed, were all they demanded. The secret is that they did not conceive themselves to be rearing the edifice of English freedom, but to be buttressing it. They believed that the personal liberty of Englishmen and the political liberties of Englishmen had been realities in former reigns, and that they were now being assailed by a systematic aggression on the part of the Court. Shakespeare

puts into the mouth of Henry VIII. the memorable words,

"We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will."

It was a sentiment which the contemporaries of Shakespeare unanimously attributed to the kings of England. The law was the guardian of liberty; the king was supreme only in and through the law; therefore England was a free country, and Englishmen, as we also learn infallibly from Shakespeare, were enthusiastically, arrogantly proud of their country and their name. The Puritan leaders, fitted by genius, position, and culture, to understand the signs of their time, perceived that political institutions throughout Europe were in a state of transition, and they made it the object of their lives to carry over into the new epoch the ancient freedom of England. If anything can be proved in history at all, it admits, I think, of demonstration that the meaning and drift of the policy of Charles, of Strafford, and of Laud, whether consciously designed in this sense by themselves or not, was the conversion of the limited monarchy of England into a despotism. Accordingly, the main force of the Puritan patriots was thrown not into promotion of change, but resistance to change. They were thoroughly conservative both in their aims and their instincts. Their conservatism, however — and this is a point of essential importance towards understanding their relation to the career of Cromwell — was of things, not of names, of things inflexibly, of names subordinately. It was essential with them to preserve constitutional liberty; they had no notion of a Republic; but I do not think that they held the name of king to be essential, or that, if they found it indispensable for the preservation of liberty that the form of Government or the reigning dynasty should be changed, they would have flinched from changing either. Their opposition was directed to innovation in essentials. We have seen how this term could be applied to their agitation in civil affairs, but it is not at first glance easy to see how the Puritans could maintain that Laud and not they patronized innovation in religion. Such, however, was the position they took up, and it is intelligible now as it was tenable then. They dated from the Reformation, "that never-to-be-forgotten Reformation," as Oliver called it, "that most significant and greatest 'mercy' the nation hath felt or tasted." The Reformation, as they apprehended it, placed England at the head of the Reformed interest

in Europe, and England's Church in sympathy with the Reformed Churches of France, Holland and Scotland. This conception of the Reformation was held not only by the multitude and the middle class, but by members of the territorial nobility of England, titled and untitled, by men of culture like Milton, by the large majority of the Commons in the third, the fourth, and the last Parliaments of Charles. And on this conception of the Reformation, Laud, with his ceremonies and his fierce bias at the Reformation as more properly a *Deformation*, was an innovator. Add one other point and you have a complete view of the outfit of principles, political and religious, which the Puritans of Charles's last Parliaments held in common with Oliver Cromwell. Adhering almost universally to the Church of England, and yet having little or no reverence for Episcopal authority, and sedulously encouraging preachers, called lecturers, whose recommendation was their doctrinal sympathy with the Reformation and antipathy to Rome, the ablest Puritans, like Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell, would be naturally led to set store less by form, name, organization, and the general apparatus of ecclesiasticism, than by the essentials of personal religion, faith in Christ, purity of morals, delight in the Bible, fervency in prayer. The immeasurable importance which the Presbyterians, especially the Scots, attached to their form of Church Government, was a fatal rock of offence between them and what Oliver, without much inquiry as to their ecclesiastical preferences, called "the Godly party."

It may possibly, or even probably, remain one of the controvertible questions of history whether the Puritans could or could not have secured the substantial objects of their agitation without wresting the sword from the hand of Charles. Hallam thinks that after the death of Strafford all was safe, and Hallam's reasoning is so strong, that I was, I confess, at one time convinced by it. But more mature consideration, first, of the character of Charles, and secondly, of the opportunities and powers which, through the law of action and reaction, the vacillations of public opinion confer upon a faithless monarch in England, led me to the conclusion that Pym, Hampden and Oliver Cromwell were right. Macaulay's essays upon this subject, the most masterly things he ever did, contain the indispensable rectification of Hallam. At all events, the Parliament demanded the sword, Charles refused to give it, and after a few months of feverish

preparation the frightful struggle of the civil war, in town and county, in village, castle, grange, and farm-house throughout England, commenced. This was in 1642.

Oliver, now in his forty-third year, betakes himself to his county and begins raising force, not only serving personally, but embarking three of his sons, Oliver, Richard, and Henry, the last of whom must have been a mere boy, in the cause. The Squire letters, otherwise unimportant, have a singular interest from the light they throw upon the earliest military experiences and exploits of Cromwell, enabling us to understand how it was that he broke upon England as a consummate soldier and tactician at Marston Moor, and also, what might otherwise have been still more puzzling, where he acquired that skill in the subterranean department of the military art,—in organizing and managing a spy-system—which not only did him yeoman's service in his campaigns, but, in the days of the Protectorate, enabled him with beautiful facility to baffle every wile of perhaps the most able, cool, and intrepid set of plotters that ever hatched schemes of assassination, and made him familiar with what passed at the dinner tables and in the very bed-chambers of Prince Charles and the Duke of York. In those busy months, unobserved by England, without the smallest surmise of the stupendous results which were to follow from his activity, he was making all the sequel possible. The greatest practical genius between Cromwell and Napoleon, Frederick of Prussia, accounted for the failures of clever Joseph II. by the remark that he always "put the second before the first." The miracles of success are invariably explicable when we are made acquainted with the process by which the first was, in the given instance, put before the second.

Oliver commences with intense drilling. "Heed well your motions." "The Lord helpeth those who heed his commandments; and those who are not punctual in small matters, of what account are they when it shall please Him to call us forth?" He looks well to weapons, armour, equipment. "If a man has not good weapons, horse, and harness, he is as naught." His orders are already brief, precise, comprehensive. "We have secret and sure hints that a meeting of the Malignants takes place at Lowestoff on Tuesday. Now I want your aid; so come with all speed on getting this, with your troop; and tell no one your route, but let me see you ere sundown." The Royalist meeting at

Lowestoff was held, but Cromwell came down upon it with sufficient force, and stamped out Malignancy in the whole Yarmouth district. In fact, the Royalist party could not once crawl in the Eastern Counties with such a Colonel Stork as this looking at them. "I learn behind the oven is the place" where the arms, which Cromwell wants, are hidden. He will have no free-and-easy methods of raising supplies, impelled not more by his sense of justice than by his instinctive feeling that, as the essence of soldiership lies in discipline, marauding tends to destroy the fighting power of an army. "Tell W. I will not have his men cut folk's grass without compensation." But his sternness, when guilt is clear, knows no compunction, and strikes terror and stupor by its suddenness. "Hang the fellow out of hand, and I am your warrant. For he shot a boy at Pilton-bee by the Spinney, the widow's son, her only support." "Give no quarter; as they shed blood at Bourne, and slew three poor men not in arms." "Cut home, as no mercy ought to be shown those rovers, who are only robbers and not honourable soldiers." But in the hastiest order as to seizing arms, he does not forget what is due to an enemy and a gentleman. Some Royalist's harness must be "fetched off." Oliver knows where to get it. "It lies in the wall by his bed-head." But "move not his old weapons of his father's, or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes of one gentleman to another." The vibration of the nerves of the born soldier in the tremendous excitement of the moment when war is breaking out can be realized as we read some of his sentences. "Verily, I do think the Lord is with me! I do undertake strange things, yet do I go through with them, to great profit and gladness, and furtherance of the Lord's great work. I do feel myself lifted on by a strange force, I cannot tell why." And what a comment are the following words upon the career of one who, if not an honest man, was the greatest master of dissimulation named in history! "Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will." Having enlisted the due number of "honest and godly men;" drilled them to perfection; armed them as well as it was possible to arm soldiers at the time; accustomed them to march by night or by day, close to their colours and religiously respecting property; taught them to spring upon the foe at word of command and to annihilate any living thing that looked them in the face; Cromwell brought them

into action at Marston Moor, shattered Rupert's hitherto victorious squadrons, and made England and the king aware that, while all eyes had been fixed on the great drama of the war going on in the West, sieges of Bristol, sieges of Gloucester, victories of Charles, victories of the Parliament, a Huntingdon farmer had been getting ready a "company of poor men" who were more than a match for any troops in the world.

The first occasion on which what is called his dissimulation was brought notably into play by Oliver, was that of the new modelling of the Parliament army. The war had been carried on after the battle of Marston Moor with a languor which, to Cromwell and the more fiery spirits, was painfully evident. The idea put forward by this party was that the inconclusive character of the operations was caused by the interference of senatorial with military duties, a large number of the principal officers having seats in the House of Commons. The New Model ordinance was that members of the House should surrender their commissions and confine themselves to their Parliamentary duties. The principal officers to be thus excluded from the army were Presbyterians, and between the Presbyterians and the Independents the conflict was now becoming hot. Cromwell, as has been shown, had no strong ecclesiastical preferences; but he was determined that the Godly, whether they called themselves Independents, Presbyterians, or Baptists, should enjoy toleration; and as the Presbyterians shuddered at the supposed guilt of tolerating "Sectaries," Oliver had become obnoxious to the party. The remodelling took place; the Presbyterian officers quitted their commands, thus relaxing the hold of the party upon the sword; but Cromwell remained in the army. The circumstance was fatal to Presbyterian ascendancy in the revolution, and secured the ascendancy of Cromwell. Can we then refuse to believe that he devised the New Model in order to get rid of Manchester and to triumph over the Presbyterians; and that, when he talked of the "true English hearts" and "zealous affections" of the officers inducing them "to deny themselves for the public good," he was canting and shamming? The case, at first blush of it, looks ill for Cromwell. But the utmost that can be established against him is that he may have foreseen the issue, and even of this we cannot be certain. He knew his price; he knew that many of the soldiers would wish him to



remain in command; but he knew also the jealousy entertained of him by the Presbyterians; and the New Model strengthened the Presbyterians in the House of Commons as much as it weakened them in the army. Cromwell must have been aware, when he proposed the self-denying ordinance, that, if he attempted to evade it, the Presbyterians in Parliament might order him by an overwhelming majority into his seat. It is certain that there was no formal irregularity. Cromwell came to resign his commission into the hands of Fairfax, and found that the Committee of Both Kingdoms had expressly selected him for an important and difficult service. He took horse and performed the service in his usual superlative fashion. Then the Houses voted that he should continue in the army for forty days—for another forty days—for three or four months, and so on. They could not do without him. His merit was so dazzling that it triumphed over even professional jealousy, and the Colonels of the Horse petitioned that Colonel Cromwell might be their Lieutenant-General. Had things turned out differently, no one would have spoken of the duplicity of Cromwell. He remained in the army. Charles, with his usual infatuation, took it into his head that the exclusion of the old officers, intended to increase, had destroyed its efficiency, and rushed to engage it at Naseby. As at Marston Moor the victory was due principally to Cromwell. "When I saw the enemy," he writes, "draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle—the General having commanded me to order all the Horse—I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out in praises to God, in assurance of victory."

The war still continued for some time like a slowly-dying fire, but the defeat of Naseby was irretrievable, and Charles, calamity and perplexity in his wake, fled to the Scots. "Traitor Scot," says wise history, "sold his king for a groat." Of all the unkillable lies in Muse Clio's immense family of the like, this is perhaps the most toughly immortal and the most venomously unjust. It was a toss-up with Charles whether he should betake himself to the Parliament or to the Scots. With both he was at war, and his kind and feasible theory was that he might induce one of the parties to extirpate the other for his advantage, weakening itself, of course, so much in the process that his beaten Episcopalian friends could rally and ex-

tirpate it also. The Scots, according to their reasonable gainsayers, having contributed to the ruin of Charles on Marston Moor, and having had Scotland devastated by Charles's Lieutenant, while they were fighting against himself in England, ought, so soon as they saw his face, to have gone into ecstasies of loyalty, and engaged in an internecine war with England on his behalf. They did the best for him they could, consistently with their own principles. They joined with the English Parliament in imploring him to conclude peace. He refused to sign the proposals tendered him, although to use the Englishman Whitelocke's words, "the Commissioners of Both Kingdoms on their knees begged of him to do it." What were they then to do with him? He would not make peace with them. If they took him into Scotland he must have gone as their prisoner. If he had never gone near them, they would have been compelled to leave England at that time; if they had been so signally blessed as to be five hundred miles away from him, they would have demanded at that time the money which was their due from the English Parliament. I have never come upon one syllable of proof that they got a penny more on account of having Charles in their camp than they would have got if he had never come thither; and what they did get was much less than they claimed. The mere juxtaposition of a few circumstances of treaty and payment, and the application to succeeding events of that grand maxim of fool's logic *post hoc propter hoc*, gave birth to the lie. The greatest Scotsman of that age, Alexander Henderson, died at Edinburgh soon after the Scotch army arrived from England, and Whitelocke tells us it was rumoured that he died "of grief because he could not persuade the king to sign the propositions," that is to say because Charles would not put it in the power of the Scots to agree with their allies, the English Parliament, in restoring him to his throne. Charles was subsequently executed, but at the time when the Scots army marched for Scotland, and for about a year afterwards, there was not a whisper of danger to his life. The English Lords and Commons concurred in a resolution that the king's residence in Holmby House, after the departure of the Scots, should be "with respect to the safety and preservation of his Majesty's person." The Scots actually stipulated that "no harm be done to his person;" and the sincerity of this stipulation was proved in three disastrous cam-



paigns, that of Preston, that of Dunbar, and that of Worcester, in which, with in-fatuated loyalty, Scotsmen poured out their blood like water for the preposterous father and the worthless son.

Had the Commissioners of Both Kingdoms managed their little business with Charles, they might possibly have found that they had still reckoned without their host. If the Presbyterian gentlemen had omitted to secure toleration for any who declined to accept the Covenant in the simplicity of its Presbyterian acceptance, they would have found Oliver and his "company of poor men," with their most unmanageable knack of handling the cold iron, in the way. Cromwell had signed the Covenant, and this alone is enough to convict him in the eyes of many of deceit and falsehood. But it is no more than justice to Henderson, Johnston of Warriston, and the earliest and wisest Covenanters, to say that they did not contemplate the enforcing of their Covenant in England as a rigid uniformity of Presbyterian system, but as a spiritual and intensely anti-Popish Protestantism; and Cromwell always maintained that, in this its deepest sense, he had been true to the Covenant. But it was one of his fixed principles that the "Godly party," the Ironsides, without whom the whole course of events might have been different, should have liberty to worship God as their consciences enjoined. The Presbyterians, in their negotiations with the king, were so anxiously bent on depressing the Sectaries that they were too likely to overlook this essential condition of any settlement which Cromwell would accede to: and if Cromwell had refused to accede to it, we may doubt whether all the support which King and Parliament could lend it would have sufficed to keep it up and to keep Oliver down. Charles, incapable of doing anything completely, could not come to terms with the Presbyterians while they were still dominant in the Houses, and we find him at Hampton Court in the summer of 1647 with the strings of many plots in his hands, but with neither the Presbyterians nor the Independents as yet extirpated.

The most obscure, perplexed, and bewildered period in the whole history of the Revolution is that in which the rupture finally took place between the Presbyterians and the Independents, and in which the essentials of power passed from the Parliament to the army. Whoever might win, the Presbyterians were from the first safe to lose. In revolutions of the

highest order, action and reaction run their course from extreme to extreme; the volcano volleys out its fire until the last shower of ashes has fallen, and then sinks back into rest, and the crater fills with snow. The French Revolution was of the highest order; France may be Legitimist or it may be Republican, but it will not be Girondist. The English Revolution was of the highest order; the action, therefore, was from Episcopacy to Independency, and the reaction from Independency to Episcopacy, the tide sweeping over Presbyterianism on both occasions. The main impulse of the Revolution was religious, and Cromwell represented this impulse in its most characteristic form. There is no doubt that he entered into negotiations with Charles. Mr. Carlyle, I cannot help thinking, goes with a gingerly quickness and caution over this section of Cromwell's history, but if we are content that heroic men need not be punctilious and romantic, we may survey it with equanimity. Any arrangement between Charles and Cromwell for the settlement of the kingdom must have embraced a fair reward for Cromwell's services, as well as a post of honour and importance for him in the administration. That Cromwell was to be chief minister of Charles, and commander of the forces, with the title of Earl of Essex; that abuses were to be removed in the Church, and toleration conceded to Presbyterians and Independents, Episcopacy being provisionally at least in abeyance; and that the Cavaliers were not to be permitted to vote in one or more general elections,—these, I take it, were the outlines of Cromwell's scheme. For the vulgar and the foolish mind it has, on Oliver's part, the aspect of a bargain, but so to call it is to mistake, as in the so-called bargain of the Scots with the Parliament, the accident of adjacency for organic connection. Such a settlement does not necessarily involve any but worthy motives on Cromwell's part. He represented, recollect, the Revolution; but the very fact that he represented its fundamental characteristics implies that he did not represent its extravagances. And it was precisely at this stage that the fundamental characteristics and main aims of the Revolution were in danger of being overpowered by the extravagances and aberrations to which its agitation had given birth. The army was in a state of fermentation; Republicans, Levellers, Fifth Monarchy men were in full cry. Oliver felt that what they vehemently but vaguely wanted was intensely different from what

he, along with Hampden and Pym, had through long dark years toiled to realize. He saw that, if the king went heartily along with him, the old monarchy might be wedded to freedom, his company of godly men be permitted to worship God according to their consciences, and the tumult of anarchy and fanaticism which was rising, and which he instinctively abhorred, be repressed.

Charles, perhaps for the first time in his life, had the opportunity offered him of leaning on a great, good, valiant, faithful man. But he could not do it. His mind, narrow, morbid, incapable, had not the sympathy necessary to the appreciation of greatness. He smiled and smiled on Cromwell, and tried to throw his glamour over him as he had thrown his glamour over Wentworth and Montrose; but he was now dealing with one who was more sagacious than Wentworth and more vigilant than Montrose. A whimsical contradictoriness drives the student of character who seeks a formula for that of Charles to despair. Every good quality had in him its attendant vice, every promising faculty its blighting weakness. A faithful betrayer, an ingenious bungler, a fool-hardy coward, an affectionate torturer, a cunning simpleton, a subtle fool, a religious liar, he never succeeded, and yet he always struck near enough to success to add poignancy to failure. It is almost incredible that a man so given to plots should be unable to keep a secret, and yet no fact is better established than that, when he had a stratagem in hand whose success depended wholly on its being kept secret and whose discovery would be ruinous, he could no more hide it than a girl of nine. The story that, when his negotiation with Cromwell was in its crisis, he put into black and white his consolatory reflection that, though he now spoke these knaves fair and offered them the Garter, it was a halter he designed them; that he committed the letter containing this announcement to some one who was to carry it, sewed up in a saddle, to a certain tavern to be thence conveyed to the Continent; and that Cromwell and Ireton went to the tavern, found means to read the letter, and then let it go on its way; this story is so true to the character of Charles, and so intelligible and likely on the side of Cromwell, that I see no reason to doubt its correctness. But we need not go farther than Clarendon to learn that the failure of the treaty took place because Cromwell discovered that Charles was playing false. Oliver, Clarendon tells us, complained that the king "had intrigues

in the Parliament, and treaties with the Presbyterians of the city to raise new troubles; that he had a treaty concluded with the Scotch Commissioners to engage the nation again in blood; and, therefore, he would not be answerable if anything fell out amiss, and contrary to expectation, &c." If, as I believe, Cromwell had, up to this point, retained something of his old English reverence and affection for his king, and had really wished, at the risk of his own life, to save him, can we not realize that his great proud heart would now be wounded beyond reconciliation, and that he would make up his mind that God had rejected Charles and his house from reigning over England?

A more solidly able man than Charles might have failed to see at that juncture that Cromwell was the only one who could steady his crown upon his head. The extirpation of the Independents by the Presbyterians seemed really in a fair way. A party in Scotland, — a large party, but not comprehending more than one in three of the Covenanters, if so many, and expressly discountenanced by the General Assembly of the Kirk, — embraced with enthusiasm the cause of the king, and rose in arms with a view to marching into England and rescuing him from Sectaries. An immense multitude of English Presbyterians sympathized with the movement, which would have been in the highest degree formidable had there been a man of commanding ability at its head either in England or in Scotland. The Presbyterian Royalists had valour and numbers, but failed hopelessly in directing ability. There was no rightly managed concert between the departments of the business in England and in Scotland, and the English insurrection was all but stamped out when the Duke of Hamilton led his Scots across the border. There were about 20,000 of them, but had there been 100,000 the perfectly imbecile leadership of Hamilton would only have made the disaster more complete. Cromwell displayed in the campaign no higher military qualities than courage and promptitude, but these were sufficient in dealing with an army in which dual mismanagement drove the men frantic and made the Lieutenant-General beseech some one to shoot him through the head. Properly there was no battle of Preston. Cromwell was not once in action with the main army of the Scots. Those with whom he did engage "at a place near Winwick," fought in a way which he thus describes: — "We held them in some dispute till our army came up; they maintaining the pass with

great resolution for many hours; ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges — which forced us to give ground; but our men by the blessing of God quickly recovered it, and charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing," &c. And it turns out that those Scots who thus kept Cromwell at bay for hours were merely some stray regiments, "commanded by a little spark in a blue bonnet, who performed the part of an excellent commander, and was killed on the spot." Hamilton is perhaps to be more pitied than blamed because he utterly lost his head in a situation which was too much for him, but there was really no general battle, for the Duke ordered Bailie to surrender when he was prepared to fight, and when he almost committed suicide for vexation and shame. Cromwell gave an order soon after that about 4000 prisoners should be put to the sword in the event of their becoming dangerous. The contingency did not occur, but the command shows that Cromwell had no more scruple than Napoleon in making use of the powers granted him by the laws of war.

The armed intervention of the Presbyterian Royalists, Scotch and English, had failed to re-establish Charles; but the Presbyterian party in Parliament, with a tenacity and courage which contrast favourably with the pusillanimity of the Girondins in abandoning Louis, continued to plead his cause. At last the Independents, acting by means of the army, forcibly ejected them to the number of about a hundred. This was in December, 1648; in January, 1649, Charles died on the scaffold before Whitehall. His death, which he suffered with perfect dignity and kingliness, was the one fortunate event of importance that ever occurred to him. He had now no chance, and it would have been sad for him to drag out a miserable and despised old age. His death brought back to him respect and pity, and it is well that men should think pitifully of one on whom fate was so hard. I fancy that the problem of his character, as well as that of his father, belongs in great measure to medical science. Neither of them was at all like the old Scottish Stuarts; and their history, and that of the nation they misgoverned, might have been very different if Mary, some months ere she became a mother, had not seen, at midnight in Holyrood, the spouting blood of David Rizzio, and the naked blades of his assassins, as he clung to her garment for protection.

Cromwell, who had done his best to bring the king to a reasonable arrangement, and who had received sternest attest-

ation of the calamity and bloodshed his obstinacy had caused, would feel more vividly than most men that, in relation to the Preston war at least, the guilt of blood was on the hands of Charles. The death of the King was due to him more than to any man, but there is not a particle of evidence that it ever occasioned his conscience a pang. The form of Government adopted after the execution of Charles, that of a Commonwealth administered by a Council of State and House of Commons, appears to have been regarded by him as provisional. He now had assurance that "the poor Godly People of this kingdom" should not "be made the object of wrath and anger" by those who denounced them as sectaries, and that there was no risk of a Cavalier reaction to bring "our necks under a yoke of bondage." He was in the Council of State, but there was at first no constant President, and when one was appointed, he was not Cromwell but Bradshaw. Oliver was named to the command in Ireland.

Towards Papists his feeling corresponded as closely as was in his time a possibility to the feeling of an ancient Hebrew, zealous for the Lord of Hosts, towards Midian or Moab. The Hebrew Bible was always in his hands and constantly on his tongue, the psalms of David and the prophecies of Isaiah being his favourite compositions. Next to these were the epistles of Saint Paul. We do not find that he read the Gospels much; and what a rude old-Hebrew version of Christianity Puritanism was at best is proved by the intensely un-Christlike tone of his letters from Ireland. I have no doubt he was sincere when he referred to the "remorse and regret" which massacres like that of Drogheda are fitted to "work." Doubtless also the terror he inspired hastened the termination of the war, and thus tended to "prevent the effusion of blood." Recollect also that he believed the garrison of Drogheda to consist of "barbarous wretches" who had "imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood," that is to say, who had been engaged in the Irish massacre. But Cromwell ought to have been very sure of this, and Mr. Carlyle says that the garrison put to the sword were English. I maintain that, since the defenders of Drogheda and of Wexford were regular soldiers, fighting under their colours, to put them, whether English or Irish, to the sword for meeting their assailants in the breach and proving themselves brave men, was an extreme and a cruel exercise of the rights of war. But what strikes me most painfully in these letters is a certain savage

hardness with which Cromwell seems to gloat over heart-rending circumstances. "Divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge, about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church steeple. . . . These, being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, 'God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn.' . . . I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, whom the soldiers took the next day, and made an end of." Cromwell was in this instance inflamed to ferocity, and deep as is my respect for Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude, I think that the reprobation and resentment which such things awake in the mass of men ought to be encouraged rather than repressed. It is noticeable that Cromwell addressed his summons to strong places in Ireland in name not of the Commonwealth but of Parliament. He never exhibited a trace of that enthusiasm for a Republic which was a passion with several of those who sat with him in the Council of State.

Having quelled Ireland, Cromwell had once more to deal with the Scots. Duke Hamilton's enterprise had not been approved by the covenanting clergy, but they and the party in the Scotch Parliament which had agreed with them in discountenancing Hamilton were startled by the execution of the King and the proclamation of the Commonwealth. Charles II. was invited to assume the Royal authority in Scotland, and the little nation, dreadfully as its resources had been impaired by the Marston Moor expedition, the devastations of Montrose, and the catastrophe of Preston, raised a considerable army. It is interesting to observe the difference between Cromwell's treatment of the genuine Covenanters, on the one hand, and his treatment of the Irish Papist and of the Malignant or Pure-Royalist Scots of the Preston raid, on the other. Even Mrs. Hutchinson, who devotes to Cromwell one of the many bitter spites that found harbour in her saintly breast, is inclined to believe that he was reluctant to accept the command, and sincerely wished Fairfax to take it. The Scots were, he believed, under infatuation in imagining that the objects of the Solemn League and Covenant could be attained, except in the dead letter of them, by the proclamation of Charles II.; but he could not doubt that a number of them were of that Godly party which, as he was for ever saying, the Lord guarded as the apple of His eye, and which

it was terribly dangerous to hurt. It was, therefore, an infinite consolation when God shone upon him in the almost miraculous deliverance of Dunbar. He solemnly adjures the Presbyterian clergy not to shut their eyes to a revelation like that. He thinks it little better than blasphemy when the reverend gentlemen remark with coldness that they do not hang their faith upon events. "Did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the great God in this mighty and strange appearance of His; instead of slightly calling it an 'event'? . . . The Lord pity you!" He has the appalling presumption to lecture even the General Assembly. "Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that *you* say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken." But on the whole, the tenderness with which he addresses the Scots is wonderful, considering how he wrote about friars. "If we know our hearts at all, our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the Godly in Scotland." But neither the clergy nor the people could be persuaded to abandon Charles. Even after the crushing blow of Dunbar they protracted the struggle for upwards of a year, and if the hopeless project of an expedition into England had not been adopted, they might, as Cromwell told the Parliament, have made it very difficult work for the English in the succeeding winter. At Worcester the Scots were beaten down by overpowering numbers, but though Oliver, bent probably on securing the person of Charles, entreated them to yield to mercy, they sacrificed themselves to give their king a chance. From this time Oliver took an interest in Scotland somewhat like that which a parent might take in a child that he loved, but to which he had been under the necessity of administering a severe castigation. He spoke with pride and joy of the prospering of the Scots, especially the poor, under his rule. Johnston of Warriston, one of the original Covenanters, sat in his House of Lords, and Scotch Lockhart, who had been in the Preston welter, was Cromwell's highly distinguished French ambassador, and commanded the Parliament troops on the sand dunes near Dunkirk, when they drove before them the best soldiers of Spain.

After Worcester, Cromwell could not but feel that he was the first man in England. His victories had built him a pedestal on which he stood visibly above the rest of his contemporaries. It was im-

possible that he should regard with overpowering reverence the peeled and meagre Rump in which sat hardly one in four of the original Commons of the Long Parliament. For upwards of nineteen months he waited, and then, fiercely exclaiming that they were no Parliament, he turned the remaining members out of doors. He did so with a view to averting either of two dangers: first, the perpetuation of the Parliament; second, the election of a new Parliament by such a constituency that the Puritan cause would be placed in peril. The idea of a Parliament perpetually renewing itself as its members died out seems to have been that of Vane, and it has much to recommend it. The periodical convulsion fits of general elections, as we see them in England and in America, would be entirely avoided by Vane's plan, and it would prevent any danger which might supposably arise from the sudden landing of an enemy while Parliament was dissolved. But it was not the English method, and strong as was Vane's influence with Cromwell, it was not strong enough to unteach the lessons he had learned from cousin Hampden and from John Pym. On finding that Oliver was resolute against perpetuation, Vane and his party seem to have tried to hurry through the House a Bill for the election of a Parliament by the people in general. To do this, Cromwell knew, would be to run deadly hazard of a renewal of the war. He assumed the supreme authority, defending the step on the broad ground of necessity. "If the necessity I allege," he in effect said, "be a false or feigned necessity, I am a villain; but if it is a real necessity, the plea is sound." Mr. Bisset denies the fact of the necessity. Could not Cromwell, he asks, at the head of his army, have guarded the cause, and secured that the Parliament elected by the people should not wrest from the Puritans all they had been contending for? The reply is easy. A Parliament elected in the way supposed would have been vehemently opposed to Cromwell. This is perfectly certain, for even with all the safeguards he took, his Parliaments would not work until he excluded a large proportion of the members. To have let a Parliament vehemently opposed to him sit, would have been to endanger everything, including his own neck; and to turn three out of every four members from the door would have been to provoke insurrection. Oliver had not been two years in his grave when the sweeping away of the entire fabric of the Commonwealth, and the hurling down into con-

tempt and impotence of that Godly party against which, while he breathed, no tongue in Europe dared to wag, demonstrated that it was no feigned necessity of which he spoke.

As a ruler of England he strenuously endeavoured to restore in its essentials that ancient English freedom which it had been the aim of the Puritan heroes of the early time, Eliot, Hampden, Pym, to set on an immovable basis. Charles I. was a monarch chafing against constitutional fetters, abhorring Parliaments, grudging every concession to the patriots. Oliver was a monarch exerting his utmost ingenuity to bring into existence a free Parliament which might limit his power and vote his supplies. He welcomed the restoration of the House of Lords, for he had never objected to that House in itself, but only to its servility to the king and haughtiness to the people. He would have had no objection to be called a king, but he expressed his distrust of the hereditary principle, and said that, if they had in him the thing they wanted, they might avoid offending good men by giving him a particular name. He looked on himself, he said, as the Constable of the parish, useful in keeping the peace. Every sect, he mournfully declared, cried out for toleration to itself, but give it toleration, it immediately grudged toleration to others. He would, beyond question, have tolerated still more generously had he dared, being head and shoulders above the mass of his contemporaries in this matter. The magnificent energy, simplicity, integrity, and wisdom of his foreign administration are admitted. England mistook his intention for what we call Imperialism, which it was not, and, not understanding him, England most justly refused to be dazzled by his genius and his conquests into what she believed would be a final surrender of her liberties. But in ten years or less England could hardly have failed to discover that his aim was constitutionalism, and once this was discovered, all classes, aristocracy, gentry, and the body of the people, would have joined in clamorous and impassioned loyalty. Our history since his death has proved that England did *not* desire a fundamental change in her political institutions, and that a change of dynasty *was* a necessity. This is Oliver's complete vindication. There are no perfect characters, and I think that there was a vein of personal ambition, in the strict sense, in his composition, but history names few men greater, either morally or intellectually,

PETER BAYNE.



## HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF  
FRITZ REUTER.

"SHEER nonsense!" cried his Highness, "all for the sake of the women! We shall have a bad day, and dear cousin shall see, we shall have a thunder-storm yet!" and with that he ran to the window and looked at the sky.

The young Duke had some experience of his Serene Highness's whims and oddities. He knew his hatred of women, and because, in his own opinion, this was a very foolish whim, he amused himself, secretly, in making sport of his Highness's antipathy. He knew also his terror of a thunder-storm, and was sorry for the old gentleman's distress, for he was a very kind-hearted man; so he said, "I do not believe that we shall get a storm; the weather looks to me too fine."

"No, no! They all say so, but they don't *know* it, either. The only one who knows is the old Conrector; but he knows for certain."

"What sort of a man is that?" asked Friedrich Franz.

"He is a clever old fellow, but he is a rough old fellow," said his Highness, with ill humor. "He understands how to contradict me, but he is very necessary to me in weather-matters. I must send for him."

"Wait a moment, dear Cousin," said the young Herr, "I will step out, myself, and take a look at the weather." And he went out.

Out in the market-place he looked up, and saw nothing but sunshine and clear sky; and as he walked around the Rathhaus, to take a look on the other side, he saw bright sunshine in the street also, for there stood two couples, in full state and splendor. One couple was the Hofrath Altmann and his bride, who had just said adieu, and, with laughter and joking, took their way to Kunst's Rathskeller; and as they entered, he cried, "Kunst, a bottle of your best wine, and a glass of Muscatel for my dear bride, for the day is beginning merrily; Kägebein and Korlin Soltmann have gone to pay their respects to his Serene Highness."

The other pair, who were, if possible, in still better spirits, marched on proudly, and walked straight into the palace. As the Duke stepped into the hall, he found Rand in angry discussion with this couple, and he broke off abruptly with the words: "There comes his Serene Highness of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; you can ask him about it yourself," and he hurried off, for his Highness's bell kept ringing.

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"What is it?" inquired Friedrich Franz, going nearer. Korlin Dorimene Soltmann was used to the atmosphere of courts, she dropped a courtesy, and looked down as if she were searching for pins on the floor; Kägebein was still too fresh to know how he ought to behave, and the great pleasure which he intended to give his Highness by his thanks for the title of Court-poet and the presentation of his bride, had gone to his head, and he had a sudden access of inspiration, and that elevates a man; so he forgot his manners, and began:

"The new Court-poet, sire, you see,  
Formerly Advocate Kägebein,  
This Dorimene, who stands by me,  
And long a gracious Muse of mine,  
Now fastened to me by Love's band,  
And so I sit — and so — and so —"

He could get no further; Friedrich Franz began to laugh heartily, and said, "And so I sit upon the sand. Isn't it so? That was what you meant?"

Kägebein looked at him, wanted to say something fine, but unhappily could get nothing out; and to add to his distress, Rand came running through the hall:

"Now I must fetch the Conrector too!"

"Whom?" asked Friedrich Franz.

"Our Conrector, because of the thunder-storm."

"That is all nonsense," said the Duke.

"There will be no storm."

"Yes, Serene Highness of Mecklenburg-Schwerin," replied Rand, shrugging his shoulders, "that may be so in Schwerin, but when we get a storm into our head here, it must come out," and with that he shuffled off.

"Eh, what stupidity!" cried Friedrich Franz, and he turned on his heel and opened the door of his Highness's cabinet, and said, "Herr Cousin, there will be no storm, you may rely upon —" He did not finish his sentence, for his Highness was staring stiffly beyond him, towards the door, and crying:

"What! What is this?"

The Duke turned round. There stood the Court-poet, dragging Korlin, who seemed a little disheartened, across the threshold.

"What does he want?" cried his Highness.

Kägebein bent his shoulders, and when he no longer beheld his Highness's agitated face, he recovered confidence, and began:

"Apollo and Venus here together stand,  
Before great Jupiter to bow the knee,



To bend in deepest awe beneath his hand,  
 Bearing the mighty sceptre graciously;  
 A gentle bride this lady bright,  
 The bridegroom I, her faithful knight.  
 We crave —"

"What does he want?" roared his Highness, in a rage.

"Dear cousin, dear cousin," cried Friedrich Franz, "it is nothing dangerous — they want to marry."

He said it good naturedly, but he was full of mischief, and he had to turn aside to conceal his amusement for his Highness's aspect was anything but complaisant. He went up to the pair, slowly, silently, but with flashing eyes, and as Kägebein began to stammer something about "Love's arrows" and "Hymen's bands," he broke out:

"You want to marry, do you? You want to marry, too? Want me to come to the wedding? The devil take your wedding! What do I care for it?"

Here the Schwerin Duke interposed, — for poor old Kägebein was to be pitied, — and said, "Dear cousin, it is quite suitable that your Court-poet should marry. Only think, if a poetic race should spring from this marriage, what a happiness it would be for your dominions, and for mine also! We have truly no superfluity of the article, and if in time a 'Schwanen bund' should be established on the Tollense, or the South Sea, or the Baltic, what glory it would reflect upon our government!"

"The devil take the old poets!" said his Highness, but less violently than before. "This is all a trick of old Hofrath Altmann's."

"He must be a brave man, if he advised them to it."

"Devil take him!" said his Highness, "he is only so so. Well, now go! Get married, in Heaven's name! But leave me in peace! Now go; I will have no more of you, and you are to make no more poems for me. You can make some for my sister Christel and the Kammerjungfer here, — they can stand it. Now go!"

And after many obeisances, the poor old Court-poet and his Dorimene withdrew; and Friedrich Franz, in his merry good humor, followed them to the door, and slapped the poet on the shoulder, saying, "Yes, only go, only go! And if the dear Herr Cousin will have nothing more to do with your poetry, why, I am here still; you can dedicate a sheaf or two of your poems to me at any time."

"Yes," cried Kägebein, and his eyes sparkled, "I have a very select piece, 'The

Beauty of the Bakery, or the Leap through the Blackthorn.'"

"That is right. I like such things," said Friedrich Franz, pushing the poet across the threshold; "but now go!"

This was easily said, and the poet went off with his yellow, golden treasure; but they did not go far, for out of the window of the Rathskeller looked a couple of faces, which belonged to the Herr Hofrath Altmann and the Rathskellermeister Kunst, on which fun was dancing as a Punchinello dances on a wire; and Kunst cried, "Good heavens! Is it possible? The new Court-poet and Korlin Soltmann! Come in, children! We are merry here to-day. Karl! Where is he then? Karl!"

The new Court-poet and Korlin Dorimene came in, and Kunst cried, "Karl, a couple of glasses for their worships!" and the mischievous old Hofrath asked, "Was he not very much pleased, our old Serene Highness?"

The poet was still so embarrassed that he could not reply with a rhyme, and was near coming out with the whole truth; but Dorimene had not spent years at the Court for nothing. She had great presence of mind, and told fibs, without hesitation, for the honor of her future husband, saying that his Serene Highness had been much pleased, and Serene Highness was a splendid old gentleman; and the Duke of Schwerin, — well, she would say nothing about him; and they had been treated with the greatest kindness.

"They were turned out," whispered the spiteful old Hofrath in the Rathskellermeister's ear.

Then the door opened, and in walked old Cooper Holzen.

He had put on his long blue Sunday coat, but he retained his leather apron, since his trousers were not quite presentable; and in this attire he seated himself in Kunst's arm chair, which stood behind the stove, fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out four groschens in Mecklenburg shillings, laid them on the table, and said, very distinctly and with great emphasis: "Herr Rathskellermeister, a great glass of French wine!"

"Karl! Yes, I have several kinds of French wines; there is Graves, and Langkork, and Sweet Muscatel."

"Then give me Grabow's."

"Karl! A great glass of Graves!"

"You must have wondered that I have disturbed you so little, but it was not from lack of good will. However, the world turns round, — they sold my house and garden, — but the world turns round, —

house and garden may come back, — what has been may be again."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Hofrath, from his post at the window, "there comes the Conrector, with his Dürten Holzen on his arm, and Rand walking alongside, and they are going directly to the palace."

"What the devil! What does that mean? Has my brother-in-law gone crazy?"

"This is strange!"

So it went, back and forth; everybody was surprised, only old Cooper Holzen stretched up his long body, and clapped the Advocate on the shoulder: "Herr Advocate, it is not strange to me — the world turns round, — what lies under must come uppermost, — house and garden, — Serene Highness himself lay on my Stining's bed, and my Dürten will be Frau Conrector. The world turns round, and our own Serene Highness has done it."

"Truly!" cried the Hofrath, and he ran to the window on the other side, "the Conrector and Dürten Holzen have gone into the palace."

And so it was; the Herr Conrector went, with his Dürten, into the palace, and when they came into the hall, he took Dürten to a chair, and said:

"Sit down here!"

The Herr Kammerdiener Rand sprang up and said, "Herr Conrector, I asked you before, in your own house, what shall Dürten do? What does this mean? What shall —"

The Conrector turned half round, and answered, over his shoulder: "Nothing shall! Do you understand me? I will," and with that he went into his Highness's cabinet.

As he entered the room, his Highness came up to him, and asked, "Conrector, shall we have a thunder-storm to-day?" And Friedrich Franz said, at the same moment, "It is impossible! Is it not? Where should a thunder-storm come from, to-day?"

The old Conrector made a low bow to his own Serene Highness, and then turned to Friedrich Franz, and said:

"Serene Highness of Schwerin, I am an old schoolmaster, and I hope I have done my duty all my life. I cannot make the weather, however, nor can I prophesy; for the old prophets are dead, and the new ones are bitten with madness. But I did not come here to-day about that. Serene Highness," and he turned to his own gracious sovereign, "in the Nemerow Wood, the other day, you brought a poor woman

into shame and disgrace, and this brave girl is my bride."

"Now he has a bride, too! Another bride! All three of them!" cried his Highness, springing up from his chair.

"Yes," said the Conrector, "Dürten Holzen is my bride, and a brave bride;" and with that he turned and opened the door: "Dürten, come in! And this is she."

"What do I care for your brides?" cried his Highness, rushing about the room. "What have I to do with your brides?"

"What you have to do with other people's brides, I do not know," said the Conrector, quietly; "I do not meddle with your affairs; but what you have to do with my bride, I do know. You see, there she stands," — and Dürten stood — how she stood! — pale, but ready at any time to take her solemn oath that hers was a just cause, though for greater security she had grasped the Conrector's hand, — "and now tell her, Serene Highness, that what happened there was a mistake!"

"Go along with you! Go along with you!" cried his Highness. "I will have no more of your nonsense!"

"No, Serene Highness, we cannot go like that. I know very well that you cannot correct the mistake before all the people who heard what you said in the Nemerow Wood, and I do not ask it; it is enough for me and my Dürten, if, in the presence of your worshipful relation of Schwerin," — here he made a low bow to Friedrich Franz, — "you will merely say, you did not mean it so."

"What is all this about?" asked Friedrich Franz.

"Stupid nonsense!" cried his Highness. "Matrimony, nothing but matrimony! This foolish old fellow wants to marry, too."

"I will tell you, Serene Highness of Schwerin," said the Conrector. "This maiden here, Dürten Holzen, who is now my bride, stood up in defence of her sister Stining, whom you know, for she is the young maiden who took care of his Highness at the time of his accident; and his Highness called her a person, and made very unkind remarks about her, as if she were in pursuit of a husband, and of me in particular."

Here Dürten sank down, inch by inch.

Friedrich Franz had, up to this time, taken a very serious view of the matter; for the old Conrector appeared to be very much in earnest, and Dürten looked as if the last judgment were just at hand; but when he looked at the two standing there,

and imagined Dürten in pursuit of the Conrector, the barriers of his seriousness gave way, and the most irresistible merriment took possession of him. With an uncommonly hearty laugh, he exclaimed, "Dear cousin, dear cousin! You keep a very entertaining Court!"

Dear cousin was at a loss what to say; but the old Conrector had still something on his mind which he wished to express.

"Serene Highness of Schwerin, if you choose to laugh, I cannot prevent you; and it does not disturb me, for you are not my sovereign."

"That is true," said Dürten to herself, in a low tone; "he is not our sovereign."

"But to you, Serene Highness of Mecklenburg Strelitz," continued the Conrector, drawing himself up to his full height, "I address my speech. What will the world say, a hundred or a thousand years hence, of a Duke of Mecklenburg, who was unjust to his most faithful subjects? Would it not reflect upon the Crown?"

"Reflect upon the Crown," repeated Dürten quietly.

"What do you want? I am willing to say that she has made no pursuit of you. And what more would you have?"

"Dear cousin," said Friedrich Franz, who had, meanwhile, taken a survey of Dürten, "you must also say that Dorothea Holzen is a very capable and intelligent maiden, and well-fitted to make a happy home for the Herr Conrector."

"I will say that, too; but now go!"

"Dürten, are you satisfied with that?" asked the Conrector.

"I am satisfied," said Dürten, and she made a deep courtesy to Serene Highness of Strelitz and Serene Highness of Schwerin, and went out with the Conrector.

"I shall not come to the wedding, though!" called his Highness, after them.

"It is not necessary, Serene Highness," said the Conrector, on the threshold. "It will be a very quiet one."

"Rand!" cried his Highness, "run after him, and ask him if there will really be a thunder-storm to-day?"

The Conrector went, with his Dürten, across the market-place; but it happened to him as to the Court-poet, he did not go very far; for as he was passing the Rathskeller, the windows were raised, and Hofrath Altmann called to him, "Conrector, come in! There are two bridal couples here, already!"

The Court-poet was leaning out of the other window, and declaiming something across the market-place, which no human

soul understood, and possibly not he himself; and behind him old Cooper Holzen stretched out his long, lean neck, and said, "Come in, Herr Son-in-law, I am here too."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dürten; "since yesterday the old man seems to be possessed. What is he doing at the Rathskeller?"

But Kunst himself ran out into the street, and the little fellow was truly in earnest; he sprang upon the Conrector and grasped his two hands, tugging and pulling at them as if he must first ascertain if they really belonged to the Conrector and were genuine, then he embraced him, crying, "Brother-in-law! brother-in-law! Shall we two be parted for a single foolish joke of mine? You cannot mean that."

"Good gracious!" cried Dürten, "my old father! See! see! he has real wine in his glass. Come, we must go in; he will make us trouble else."

And the Conrector embraced his brother-in-law, and said, "Kunst, the most foolish tricks sometimes turn out well, and your foolish joke has turned out well for me. Look here, — Dürten Holzen is my bride."

"I know it, I know it. Baker Schultsch was over here before daylight this morning, and has trumpeted it all over the market. And Dürten, my dear sister-in-law, are you still angry with me?"

"No, Kunst, forgive and forget! But you will not get our cane!"

"I don't want it," said the little fellow, and he ran back, under the great archway, which is the especial pride and glory of the Nigen-Bramborg Rathhaus, and cried, "Karl, the great arm-chair out of the comptoir for my brother-in-law! Karl, my wife must come, — Dürten Holzen is here!"

As they came into the room, Hofrath Altmann stepped up with his bride, and cried, "That is right, Conrector; we have both lost our bowl of punch."

And Kägebein pressed forward, with a great glass of wine, and declaimed:

"Cupid's darts have pierced thy heart,

Dürten fast is bound to thee;

Therefore joyful drink with us,

From the foaming beaker free!"

And Kunst cried, "Karl, we must have the musicians!"

And old Cooper Holzen went up to Dürten with his glass of "Grabow's," and said,

"Dürten, haven't I always said so? What lies under must come uppermost. House and garden —"

"Father, father, how did you come here at the Rathskeller, carousing in this way?"

"Dürten, the world turns round; Serene Highness has lain on Stining's bed; Stining goes this morning to Serene Highness to ask a favor—house and garden. See! There she goes, now!"

"Truly!" cried Dürten, running to the window, "she is going to the palace! Stining, you must not——"

Bang! Hofrath Altmann shut the window down before her nose. "Let her alone! To-day is a good day, and his Highness ought to be mellowed by this time."

Stining crossed the market-place, going to the palace, but she walked as if she were going to church; she looked neither to the right nor to the left; she was wholly absorbed in her thoughts, and her thoughts were fixed upon her only happiness in life, upon her Wilhelm. In the church, and over the eternal craving of poor human hearts, reigns another Lord than in the most regal of palaces; but her thoughts were not therefore unhallowed, and she might at this moment have entered the church, and, in her trouble and her passionate love, asked of the great God, with as pure and innocent a heart, the favor which she was about to ask of an earthly sovereign; for what she meant to ask was in her eyes the very foundation and keystone of the altar, on which she would place her humble offering to the Lord—an honest home.

"Come, now, what do you want?" asked Rand, as she entered the palace.

"I wish to speak to Serene Highness," said Stining.

"We have had enough of that to-day," said the Herr Kammerdiener, "you can just go home again."

"No," said Stining, very gently, but also very decidedly, "I was ordered to come here; the Schwerin Duke and Serene Highness himself gave me the order."

"Come, I believe you!" said Rand, rather loudly. "What has Serene Highness to do with giving orders? Serene Highness has *nothing at all* to do with giving orders,—that is *my* business. You——"

He got no further, for Wilhelm Halsband stood between him and Stining, and said, "And she *shall* go to his Serene Highness!"

"She shall *not*!" cried Rand; "and you may go back to the servant's hall, and wait till you are sent for."

"She *shall*!" cried the runner, and he threw open the door of the ante-chamber, and pulled Stining across the threshold.

"You shall pay dearly for this!" cried Rand, in great wrath; but he stopped abruptly, for before him stood the young Duke of Schwerin, and asked, with a mocking smile, "Why so violent, my dear Rand?"

Rand was violent; the horrible feeling which a regular Kammerdiener must always carry about with him, that he has really nothing to command, overpowered him; he seemed to himself like a lamb set apart for the slaughter, and in these circumstances his usual Kammerdiener superiority failed him. He had no longer the Court air in his nostrils; he had, in fact, scarcely any air at all, and he panted out: "What they want—what he wants—what she wants—what they all want—I know, they want to marry."

And the mocking smile about Friedrich Franz's mouth grew more derisive as he looked at the Herr Kammerdiener in his helpless rage; but as when a cloud floats over a meadow, this mocking light disappeared, and the bright sunshine of human love shone on his face as he turned to Stining and looked into her blue eyes. Not always pure is the glance that falls upon a young maiden, and with him it may often have been otherwise; but at this moment his glance was as pure as the sunlight, and it shone into Stining's eyes, as when the sunbeams shine into the blue heavens, and he asked: "Do you, then, wish to marry? And will you have this young man for your husband?"

"Yes, Herr," said Stining, looking the Duke in the eye, as if the blue heavens gave answer in truth and loyalty, "yes, Herr, he is my bridegroom; but Serene Highness will not release him from his service as runner, and this is the favor I am going to ask."

"And you shall not ask in vain," said Friedrich Franz. "Come!"

With that, he led Stining into his Highness's cabinet.

The Herr Kammerdiener Rand stood in the ante-chamber and growled at the runner: "And so you want my place?"

"I never thought of it, Rand."

"Thought! Thought! You meant to have it! For all me, you may grow gray in it, and much good may it do you! The devil a bit do I care!"

And, with that, the brave old Kammerdiener ran out of the door, and Wilhelm Halsband ran after him, crying, "Rand! Rand!" but he gave no heed, and ran directly over into Krüskan Schultz's tap-room.

And Wilhelm Halsband sat in the ante-

chamber, and listened with one ear to what was going on there, and with the other he heard, from the Rathskeller:

"So leben wir, so leben wir, so leben wir alle Tage,

for the musicians were playing the Des-sauer March, and all were singing in chorus, while the old Conrector's voice was distinctly audible as leader. But what he heard from his Highness's cabinet was more lovely for him than any song, for Stining's words sounded in his ear like the singing of the bullfinch in the early spring, through storm and rain.

Inside, with his Highness, was both storm and rain; on the part of his Highness, storm,—on Stining's, rain; but gradually it grew stiller, and then the door opened, and Stining came to her Wilhelm, took him by the hand and led him into the room, and said:

"Serene Highness, this is my Wilhelm."

"That is your Wilhelm, is it? And I was going to make the rascal my Kammerdiener. This is the fourth, this morning."

"Yes, truly," interposed Friedrich Franz. "This is a blessed day for betrothals. But of all four I like these the best. If dear cousin would only notice what a handsome couple!"

"What do I care for handsome couples?" cried his Highness, angrily. "The fellow has always pleased me, and I wanted to make him my Kammerdiener."

"A runner would not make a good Kammerdiener," remarked Friedrich Franz.

"But old Rand grows too confoundedly clever for me,—knows everything better than I do!" cried his Highness.

"Dear cousin has many servants to select from; and then you promised this little maiden a favor——"

"Yes, yes," cried his Highness, running up and down the room, "I have said it,—pledged myself,—pledged myself," and here, for the first time, he looked at Stining nearer. "Yes, it is the same one who was in the Nemerow Wood,—I said something to her injury then,—pledged myself. Well, take him, then! But now, off with you! I will have no more of you!"

The runner knew his master. He made a bow, Stining a courtesy, and, in silent blessedness, they left the room.

"So," said his Highness, quite exhausted, "dear cousin must excuse me. I am too infirm, too feeble, I must lie down on my bed. And the devil may send still more of the same kind," he added, venomously. "Where is Rand?"

Friedrich Franz touched the bell, and a lackey came in.

"Where is Rand?" asked his Highness.

"He has gone out a little while, this morning, Serene Highness."

"He may stay away altogether!" cried his Highness. "Come!" And, bowing to the Duke of Schwerin, he retired to his sleeping apartment.

The runner and Stining started to cross the market-place, but they also did not go far. The company at the Rathskeller, meanwhile, were in full swing with their wine and music; but some of them had been on the watch, nevertheless, and had tormented their brains as to the result of Stining's errand. And now Stining and her Wilhelm came out of the palace, and the old Hofrath, who had a sharp scent for such matters, cried:

"I wager twelve bottles of wine there is another bridal couple!"

And then the whole company rushed out into the street to congratulate them, with the exception of old Cooper Holzen and Dürten, for Dürten had arrested her father under the arch by the tails of his Sunday coat, and said: "Father, father! I beg of you, for goodness' sake, there will be an uproar yet, and what have we burgher people to do with it?"

"The old man was not disposed to obey orders, and cried, 'Burgher people? The world turns round. What lies under must come uppermost.'" But Dürten held fast.

And Kunst cried again and again for "Karl!" and went up to the new couple with wine-glasses, and the musicians stood at the window and played, and the poet Kägebein stood before the Nigen-Bramborg Rathhaus, and declaimed across the market-place:

"What a day is this for lovers!

Stining also has her runner,  
The Conrector has his Dürten,  
And the worthy Hofrath Altmann  
Has this gracious lady here;  
Dorimene to me is dear!"

Through this joyous tumult glided a young maiden, and her flaxen ringlets were blowing in the wind, and her hand shielded a face flushed with happiness and shame; and she sprang to her old father, and cried, "Father! father! All will be well now!"

And she laid her head on her sister's breast and wept bitterly, and said, "Dürten! Dürten! You have been everything to me! You have been like my dear mother!"

"Σὺ δὲ μοι πότνια μήτηρ," said a voice, which came from behind a pillar; but Stin-



ing and Dürten did not notice, and had no time to do so, for at this moment Baker Schultsch came over with her Krischan, and rushed up to the two sisters.

"Well, this is a fine business! Preserve us! I had a wedding myself, and you may believe me, Dürten, my relatives were not of a bad sort, for there were seventeen dairy-farmers there, with their wives and children; and what that means — but what does that signify? You are crying!"

Schultsch was right — they were crying: and Schultsch was right in not asking the reason, but stepping quietly aside and dragging her Krischan after her.

And on the fine old market-place of Nigen-Bramborg everybody was looking out from their doors and windows; and from my old friend Hagemann's house, on the left, down to the Golden Ball, and from Blauert's corner on the right to the other corner, where the Herr von Boltenstern kept an apothecary shop and three dogs, they all stuck out their heads; and the Princess Christel looked down from Buttermann's second story, dressed in her short hussar jacket and buckskin breeches, and as the quondam Kammerjungfer, Dorimene, perceived her former worshipful mistress in such festive array, she courtesied to her across the market-place, and drank with profound reverence the glass of Muscatel which she held in her hand. And the Princess Christel? Well, she ordered a fresh glass of port wine, and drank it to the honor of her brave old Kammerjungfer, across the market-place.

So, now, this is really the end of the story; but it is with a story just as it is with one's accounts at New Years; when one says to himself, "So, now you have settled everything," then come the city-musicians, and the night-watchmen, and the chimney-sweeps. For the office of chimney-sweep, in this story, I have chosen a very distinguished gentleman, namely, the Duke of Schwerin, Friedrich Franz himself.

After his Highness retired to his bed, Friedrich Franz lay in the window, and watched the great rejoicings at the Rathskeller. It was with him as with other princes on their travels, — he had not much to do, and the peculiar arrangements which his Highness of Strelitz had made in his cabinet, in his anxiety about thunder-storms, were not of a kind to afford him any special amusement, and his Highness's Court servants were also of a kind, which seems to me as when I have ordered of my shoemaker comfortable calf-skin boots, and he brings me, instead, some of

heavy cow-hide, which pinch my corns, so that I become quite discontented with our German affairs. Then thought Friedrich Franz, "Why should you bore yourself with these cow-hide cavaliers, and his Serene Highness, and the corns? Why not seek for something to amuse yourself?" So he went over to the Rathskeller, and there found something amusing.

As he entered the room, Schultsch came in his way, and she cried, "Huching! the Schwerin Duke! And, Serene Highness, you are the man that Stining and Halsband, you are the man that the Conrector and Dürten, and you are the man that the stupid old Advocate and the Hofrath, and my Krischan and me —"

"Mother," cried Krischan Schultz, stopping her abruptly, "your tongue runs away with you. Don't be offended, Serene Highness! I don't know her, myself, this morning."

And the Hofrath came up, with his bride, and greeted him, and Kunst came forward with his everlasting great tankard, and the Conrector came with his Dürten, and was going to say something; but the Duke interrupted him. "Herr Conrector," said he, "I have seen you this morning, and have been uncommonly pleased with you. Would you accept the place of Rector in the Fredericianum, at Schwerin?"

The old Conrector made a low bow, and said:

"Too great an honor for me, Herr! But our school here in Bramborg is a city school, and when I was young and insignificant the magistrates appointed me here, and the magistrates have always treated me well, — they are rather late about paying the salary, to be sure, — and the foolish boys, — for example, Pagel Zarnewitz, though he does vex one sometimes, — but, Herr, these foolish boys have quite grown into my heart. And now here, you see, this is my Dürten, and she is a Bramborg child. You will not be offended, if I prefer to remain here; for Dürten would not like to go among strangers.

"Very true," said Friedrich Franz, and was about to add something more, but old Cooper Holzen interrupted him.

"Serene Highness of Schwerin, I have already had the honor of speaking with you, this morning. With your permission, this is my family; this is my Conrector, and this is my runner;" and he presented his two daughters, a good deal in the style of the old sea-captain, Stypmann of Stralsund, who, as he walked with the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards the fourth king of his name, Friedrich Wil-



helm, through the streets of Stralsund, passed beneath a balcony, at a third story window, and pointed up: "Royal Highness, my three daughters!"

Friedrich Franz did not pay much attention, but went up to the runner and Stining. "Come, how is it with you?"

"Serene Highness," said Wilhelm Halsband, "I have secretly learned the cooper's trade, with my father-in-law, and now I must get myself registered as an apprentice, and then spend three years in travelling."

"Pooh!" said Friedrich Franz, "that is a far-off prospect!"

Stining looked melancholy, and her old father said, "Serene Highness of Schwerin, he is a skilful cooper, he can make you a great mash-tub and a great cask, and not use a straw of rushes; but unless he can get a dispensation, he must travel."

"Well, old friend," said the Duke, "we will see if we cannot persuade our beloved cousin to give him a dispensation for his desperation. I shall stay here until tomorrow, and this evening you shall know. So now, farewell!" — and he gave a hand to Stining and Dürten, — "and now may you all be very happy, good people!"

Then he went away, and Kunst broke out: "Hurrah! Long live the Duke of Schwerin!" and all cried "Hurrah!" and "Hurrah!" and the musicians blew; and

when they were all quiet again, Kunst said, "Yes, children, now we will all be happy!"

"We are so, already, Kunst," said Dürten, with decision. "What? Do you think that the performance of last Christmas Eve is to be repeated? No," said she, and took her Conrector's arm, saying, "Come with me, now!" and she marched off with him, out of the door. And the other bridal couples followed, and Baker Schultsch with her Krischan and the old cooper brought up the rear.

Friedrich Franz looked again out of the palace window, and as he saw the procession crossing the market-place, he said to himself, with great satisfaction:

"Yes, truly! A right blessed morning for betrothals! Now, the dispensation for the runner!"

Each went to his home, only the runner and Stining and the old cooper went home with the Conrector, and when the good old man came into his room, he took off his Sunday coat, to spare it, and sat down, in his shirt-sleeves, at his little house-organ, and sang with a loud voice:

"Unser Ausgang segne Gott,  
Unser Eingang, gleichermassen!"

And all joined in the song, and when it was ended they were silent.

And I, too, have sung my song, and will now be silent.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, writing on the subject of the economy of fuel, says he has "long been of opinion that common white chalk would prove a valuable heat raiser and retainer, and would to a considerable extent save the consumption of coal. I commenced some experiments with my steam boilers some years ago; but the prejudice of my engineer and stokers prevented any success worth speaking of. Within these last few weeks, however, I have commenced my experiments anew, and have succeeded perfectly in making a saving of nearly 25 per cent. in coal." That is, he has practically reduced the cost of fuel from 54s. per ton to 40s. 6d. per ton. The writer states that the mixture would be applicable with great advantage to ships and locomotive engines. He says:—"From the intense heat the chalk gives off in consumption, I am satisfied for locomotive engines it would prove an enormous benefit, reducing the weight of fuel to be carried, and preventing the suffocating smoke

from the furnace we all occasionally suffer from in railway travelling. These remarks will also apply to the heating of gas retorts and sea-going steam vessels, and, indeed, in almost all instances where fire is the great active principle." But, of course, to most people it will be from a domestic point of view that such experiments will be regarded with interest. On this point the writer states:—"For domestic purposes I feel satisfied it will prove highly useful, especially in kitchen ranges, large close stoves, or any kind of furnace, the only drawback for use in the dwelling house that might arise would be the probable spilling of any of the lime on the carpets in removing the ashes; and this, of course, a little care would prevent." The proof of every pudding is in the eating. That proof can be given of the satisfactory working of this mixture of coal and chalk is probable from the fact that the inventor asks members of the Society of Arts to go and see it in operation at 8, Finsbury-place, North, E.C. Once a Week.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT.\*

FROM hero-worship to biography—from such fictions as the author of the *Chronicles of Carlingford* can produce to such portraits as she can paint—there is only one step. Accordingly, a new biography from her hand is welcome, and we can believe that this memoir of M. de Montalembert has been to Mrs. Oliphant a thoroughly sympathetic piece of work. More finished than the *Life of St. Francis*, it bears also fewer marks of haste, but she must forgive us for thinking it inferior in execution and movement to her excellent *Life of Edward Irving*. The difference between the subjects made this probable; the difference between the creeds and races perhaps made it unavoidable. For Mrs. Oliphant is of one kindred and tongue with the orator who so passionately tried to throw over the Kirk of Scotland, “the most severe and uncompromising of Christian churches,” a light that never was on sea or shore. She could learn from kinsfolk and acquaintance many details of the Scottish drama which was to assume at last all the proportions of a tragedy, but, great as is her power of sympathy, Mrs. Oliphant could hardly denationalize herself enough to measure correctly the influences that surrounded M. de Montalembert. We have here a Frenchman who, with a few ardent Catholics, is to attempt a Catholic revival between the pauses of two French revolutions; and the subject, perhaps from its very strangeness and novelty, has attracted her. The memoir is carefully elaborated, and yet it lacks completeness, while Mrs. Oliphant is too often betrayed into indulgence for her hero's sentimental pedantries, perhaps because she has tried to write a biography of which French Catholics in general and the Montalembert family in particular should have no reason to complain.

The book opens with an account of Charles de Montalembert's childhood, which was almost entirely spent in the society of his grandfather, the Indian merchant and naturalist, Mr. James Forbes. This pair of friends, an old man and a young child, when living in the library at Stanmore, make a picture pleasant to the mind and to the eye, and there the little Charles grew in knowledge and reverence and docility, and in that ready, charming, spontaneous docility of the heart, which

was at once the blessing and the weakness of his life. When what Mrs. Oliphant terms “the soft tranquillity of those narrow childish skies” was exchanged, after Mr. Forbes' death, for a colder and rougher atmosphere, the boy had been already in great measure formed. When college succeeded to school, early habits gave place to early plans, for already we hear this very young reasoner determine to write a great work on the philosophy of Christianity, and then, again, these early plans get mixed up with early friendships, with Rio, who was to be the associate of his future labours, and with the Abbé Studach, who first opened to Montalembert that portion of the world of German speculative thought to which Schelling had given a Catholic tinge.

He travelled also, until the year 1830, that which followed the death of his sister Elise, saw him established in Paris, a Paris just entering on a new year of disquiet.

The first French Revolution, so far from correcting kings or exhausting the explosive forces of France, had left the country watchful and irritable; and if some looked on that condition with hope, others again could only regard it with dread or with disgust. And France was not religious. She had a church, the work of Napoleon and of a Concordat; but, in the new heavens and new earth which had, so to speak, appeared after the subsidence of the great deluge, the religious element was wanting, and Catholicism seemed, to use Montalembert's own expression, to be a corpse, with which nothing remained to be done but charitably to bury it. The pious and liberal gifts of more than forty generations had perished with them; the 40,000 fiefs and arrière-fiefs once held by the Gallican Church, when taken from her grasp, had accrued to a horny-handed peasantry; and, after a thousand years of life, the religious orders had ceased to exist.

In other countries Catholicism had also much to depress her, and much to deplore, but France had been the scene of her greatest disasters; and so France ought to be, in the opinion of young Montalembert and his friends, the scene of her most striking revival. And their wish became father to the event. What a Stolberg, a Balmès, a Thun, or a Galitzine did in other lands was outdone in France, until the Church there grew to count among her champions all the country had noblest, most cultivated, and best.

Their enthusiasm was contagious. Yet the saddest part of their history is that theirs was nothing but an enthusiasm:

\* *Memoir of Count de Montalembert*. By Mrs. Oliphant. William Blackwood and Son, 1872. Edinburgh and London.

that whatever force the movement possessed expended itself in emotional discussions, and emotional articles and emotional measures; that it seemed to lend its countenance to a clergy guilty of teaching the miracle of La Salette; and that, after one splendid anachronism, it collapsed. Not, however, without raising the tone of a portion of the society that surrounded them, for that was true which M<sup>me</sup>. Swetchine said in writing of Paris: "It is true that nowhere is God more sinned against than He is here, but that nowhere is He also more loved." How Montalembert and his friends loved, and how their love, when diverted from its legitimate objects, God and the country, and deprived of its legitimate expression, was maimed and crippled by its subservience to Rome, it will be the business of this paper to show.

The most prominent of this band of friends was M. La Mennais, so unprophetically christened *Félicité*. A Catholic, a Royalist, and above all a Breton, he was the very man to head a religious movement. Already in middle life, his bold pages had for some years stirred the minds of the thinking classes in France. Most likely from his temper to be a keen partisan, he was as likely to become a journalist as a reformer. Accordingly when Montalembert came *accouru du fond de l'Irlande*, as he says, to join a society whose watchwords were "God and Liberty," his first visit was to La Mennais. On every point they can hardly have agreed, since La Mennais was a Republican, with a brain that, like that of Buchez, teemed with social extravagances. As "helpers of humanity," however, he and his young disciple soon stood pledged to one another; the *Avenir* journal was started, and Montalembert, who had felt his life objectless and tasteless, found it transfigured when following in the channel of Catholic liberty.

And on the horizon, which he felt to be always widening, a new star was yet to rise.

In the autumn of that year he first met Henri Lacordaire, and he saw in him a priest in very deed, a teacher elect to suffering, "one predestined to genius and to glory." It is needless to say that a strong friendship was made between them, though at first the two men seem to have exchanged their rôles since the *Avenir* was suspended for two papers, which were the work of Lacordaire, while Montalembert's mind was occupied in deciding whether he would or would not become a priest. He finally decided against it, and then ex-

pended his spare energies in opening a school which was speedily closed by the police, and in writing warnings in the *Avenir*—warnings to France which read like the knell of a society and of a country. By these remarks the *Avenir* was brought into collision with the authorities and suspended. This, as we know, was not to be Montalembert's last experience of this sort of political situation, and just now, even though it startled him, it did not depress him. He and his colleagues were young, and as Lacordaire wrote, "However cruel time may be, it can take nothing from the happiness of the year that is just gone." To understand the expression one must have been young oneself, or have been born when religion was hardly named in France. Then to have lived to see the revival of faith, and the resuscitation of such charitable orders as that of St. Vincent de Paul, might well have caused a joy which the police of Louis Philippe could not take away. . . . "Those men," Lacordaire adds, "who have not lived in both periods, can never represent to themselves what was the passage from the one to the other. As for us, we, who have been of both epochs, who have seen the shame and the honour, our eyes at the recollection fill with unsummoned tears, as we give thanks to Him who is *unspeakable* in His gifts."

More coadjutors now added themselves to the young reformers. Albert de la Ferronays, young, gifted, and supersensitive, was there; and thither came the Père Gerbet, afterwards Bishop of Perpignan, that "mystic angel" who was such a fit director for Alexandrine de la Ferronays, and upon whose wonderful *Credo de la Douleur* many a sobbing face has surely been pressed; there also Rio reappeared, full of impulses toward mediæval art, and of love for that Italy to which, in November 1831, when the *Avenir* had fairly made shipwreck, the little colony transferred themselves.

With no small emotion they found themselves actually in Rome, and under the shadow of St. Peter's chair. They burned with high hopes that here at least they would be understood, and thus their aspirations for the welfare of Catholic Christendom would deserve and receive the blessing of its august head. But the notes that had been too loud for the cabinet of Louis Philippe sounded just as ill-omened in the ears of the Pope. The policy of the Papacy with regard to merit has often—nay, generally—been that of the Tarquins with regard to poppies, and Liberty

and Infallibility can never kiss each other. Thus the "Society for the Defence of Religious Liberty" met with no sympathy. An "*accueil très-réservé*" was all that was accorded to its leaders, and before many weeks they were asked to consent to the withdrawal of all their plans, and to see the downfall of all their hopes.

The leaders were differently affected by the Papal censure.

La Mennais, with strong passions and self-love, clung to his plan as his plan, and at times fancied that he could coax, or lead, or even force the Pope to his way of thinking. He failed, as every one knew he must, and as he neither could nor would brook the disappointment, he wandered away. One more ungrateful son of the Church the Ultramontanes declared him to be, while their opponents pointed to him as one more martyr to liberty; a falling star whose brightness attracted some disciples; a living protest to the incompatibility of Romish tenets and pretensions with freedom of thought or action, or with the new necessities of a new age. La Mennais the rebel, with his high temper and marked individuality, started with a determined absolute sense that he was right, and in the right. Lacordaire and Montalembert had rather an absolute and determined wish to serve God and society, and if the means and the machinery that they had first adopted were disapproved of by the head of the Church, they were able to submit. They were willing also to try again at another time and in another way. Lacordaire left Rome, however, and the next time that he arrived formally to ask for the Pontifical blessing was in 1844, when he planned that revival of the Dominican brotherhood which lived and died at La Quercia and at Nancy. Montalembert also left Rome. He travelled, and falling in love with the memory of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, he followed her footsteps from fact to legend, from castle to city, threw together the materials for his first work, a life of that royal saint, went to Pisa and read extracts from his notes to Albert and Alexandrine de la Ferronays, and did not return to Paris till the year 1835, when he came to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers. He was twenty-five years of age.

Once more then he and Lacordaire could hold counsel together, and Ozanam and Rio and Mme. Swetchine were with them to witness Montalembert's parliamentary *début*, and to hear those conferences of the priest which made the pulpit of Notre Dame the centre of the religious

life of Paris. Again, as before, these men reasoned with the Parisians of God, of liberty, of courage, of justice, and of judgment to come. Again, as before, a corrupt and truthless society listened to them with wonder, or turned a deaf ear, so that the friends might again have asked, as they had done before, "Where is the tie that has not been broken? Where is the cause that has not been distrusted? Where is the principle that reigns as master over one single soul? An indescribable vertigo has seized on men: no one knows where he is going; no one wishes to go where his fate urges him. They lie; they heap oath upon oath; yet all their vain words, in which God is not so much as once named, are quickly effaced from the recollection of men. . . . They believe with a blind faith in the immortal power of a family, in the miraculous destiny of a child, in the terrible punishment of their enemies; but tell them there is a God in the midst of these crumbling theories, of this volcanic agitation, of the peoples, and they will shake off the dust from their feet against you."

The bishops of France looked rather coldly on this pair of plain-spoken friends. "*Le bruit*," said one prelate, "*ne fait jamais du bien, et le bien ne fait jamais du bruit*;" and though in France a *mot* like this is damaging indeed, Montalembert found himself in 1844, obliged to risk some more noise for the cause of education, which he had so long advocated, and for the constitutional policy which has been so often attempted in France. He spoke well and worked well, and if we were abruptly asked to say what, with all his enthusiasm and his good intentions, Charles de Montalembert really did for his country, we should reply, that, in the face of a Government whose educational policy was neither more nor less than a monopoly, he tried to obtain for all ranks a liberal education, of which the basis was a faith in Christianity; and that again, before the elections of 1846, he roused the electors, and begged them to realize the responsible power which was lodged in their hands.

In consequence of his exertions one hundred and thirty deputies came up to that parliament pledged to the cause of religious and educational liberty; a liberty subject only to constitutional restrictions. When we remember that the clouds were already gathering for the storm of 1848, it is not necessary to ask what became of the hundred and thirty members, of their influence and their votes. In a French

political convulsion it is not the men of order or education who are heard; it is the men of extremes, extremes of absolutism and extremes of democratic violence which, by changing the nature but not the degree of tyranny, smother at last the principles of freedom.

When Louis Philippe was sent into exile by the most "purposeless and severely punished of revolutions," the Chamber of Peers was doomed. M. de Montalembert might then have felt for a moment as if his career was closed, but he was returned ere long as deputy for the Department of Doubs, and allowed to raise his voice again for the causes he had at heart. Lord Normanby says of his first appearance in the Assembly, "Upon my first visit to the Assembly this morning (June 23), even in the midst of the agitation caused by the struggle already begun, I heard that an intense sensation had been produced yesterday by the first great speech of M. de Montalembert, in his new character of *représentant du peuple*, and upon the subject of the proposed decree authorizing the Government to take possession of the railroads. He made this an occasion for stating his opinion boldly, as he was sure to do upon the general state of the country."

The successful orator himself was in the habit of saying that the year 1849 was the most brilliant one of his life. It must have been one of many hopes and fears. France seemed to pause before confirming or choosing a form of government, and the many, the very many, men of merit and ability who at that time, like Montalembert, wished for a "manly and regulated liberty," did at moments believe themselves to be approaching the fulfilment of their hopes. Setting aside the party of brilliant and eager Republicans, it did seem as if France possessed in a Berryer, a De Tocqueville, a Guizot, a Rémusat, a Faucher, a Duvergier de Hauranne, a Falloux, a Montalembert, a Kergolay, a De Beaumont, and a De Broglie the ten righteous men who might have saved a city and nation, could the Government but be confided to such hands. But property was menaced by the Communistic tone of the great towns, and the party, so called, of order, was, not unnaturally, bent on establishing a "strong government," one which would secure property and peace. And for the ten righteous men we have named, the President, Louis Napoleon, had among his personal friends quite as many men of precisely opposite description. They had not been so much as named for office in his first cabinet, but not the less had they

bided their time. By a stroke of unexampled daring and rascality they possessed themselves, on one memorable morning in December, of the chief power and places in the State, and on that day the legitimate career of all honest and constitutional statesmen in France was ended. M. de Montalembert's fate was no exception to the general rule. Not that he altogether ceased to protest. The incident in his life with which the English public is most familiar, is his condemnation in November 1858 for articles published in the *Correspondant*, said to contain "attacks on universal suffrage; on the rights of the Emperor; on the respect due to the laws, and to the Government of the Emperor," while they were also of a nature to disturb the public peace. We extract a portion of Mrs. Oliphant's account of the trial and its consequences:

The penalties attached to these accusations were serious; not only were the culprits liable to sentences of imprisonment, varying from three months to five years, and to fines varying from 500 to 6,000 francs, but they were subject to a lasting surveillance, and might be either expelled from French territory, or be shut up in some French or Algerian town. The trial was therefore no child's play to M. de Montalembert. The court was crowded with the best and highest audience that Paris could collect. To hear the first of French lawyers plead, and one of the most illustrious of French orators submit to an examination, was enough to attract a crowd. . . . M. de Montalembert was examined as to the meaning of the passages alleged as libellous—whether he did not mean to describe the Imperial Government by the words "the chroniclers of anti-chambers, the atmosphere charged with servile and corrupt miasmas," and whether he did not imply, by saying that he went to breathe an air more pure, to take a bath of life in free England, an attack on the institutions of his country. . . . No one who has ever seen M. de Montalembert can have any difficulty in representing to himself the curiously significant position in which the foolish malice of his persecutors thus placed him. With his imperturbable composure, that "aristocratic calm" which his critics had so often remarked, he stood before all Paris, with the curl of sarcasm about his lips, enjoying, there can be no doubt, from the bottom of his heart this unlooked-for chance of adding a double point to every arrow he had launched. . . . The calm gravity with which he acknowledges each damaging implication as an historical fact not to be denied, the suave and serious composure of his aspect, the irresistible and undeniable force of that polished reiteration, the ironical disavowal of any attack "in the sense implied by the law," all make up the most characteristic picture which could possibly be given of the man.



... When he calmly repeated his most moderate and gentle explanation — "I have merely stated a fact; *avertissements* are given; France *did* possess certain institutions which she possesses no longer" — it is impossible not to add in imagination the gleam of the eye, the movement of the calm lip, the sense of power with which this seemingly innocent response was given. . . . The Procureur Impérial conducted the prosecution, and the distinguished and eloquent M. Berryer made a speech of two hours' duration for the defence. As to the decision, of course there could be no doubt. The defendants were found guilty upon the first three counts; the fourth count, that of having endeavoured to disturb the public peace by exciting citizens to hatred and contempt of each other, was dropped. The sentence: six months of imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs for the Count de Montalembert; one month's imprisonment and 1,000 francs of fine for M. Douaiol, the publisher of the *Correspondant*.

The sentence, however, was followed by no immediate enforcement of the penalty. Montalembert left the court quietly on foot, a group of people momentarily assembling in the street to gaze at him. He appealed at once, as he had a right, to the superior court. Before the time for the appeal was completed, the Emperor made an effort to reclaim the ground which had been lost by fully remitting the sentence, on the occasion of the anniversary of December 2. The culprit had, however, no mind to accept the grace thus awarded to him, and on the same day addressed the following letter to the *Moniteur*:

"PARIS: December 2, 1858.

"*M. le Rédacteur*, — The *Moniteur* of this morning contains, in its unofficial part, a piece of news which I learned only in reading it. It is expressed as follows: 'His Majesty the Emperor, on the occasion of December 2, remits to M. le Comte de Montalembert the sentence pronounced against him.' Condemned on November 24, I had already appealed against the sentence. No power in France, up to the present moment, has any right to remit a penalty not yet definitively pronounced. I am one of those who still believe in justice, and do not accept mercy. I beg you, and if necessary I require you, to publish this letter in your next number.

"Accept the assurance of my consideration.

"CH. DE MONTALEMBERT."

The superior court decided the appeal on December 21. It repeated the previous condemnation, but reduced the sentence from six to three months' imprisonment. The Emperor, however, a few days later repeated his act of grace, and remitted all the penalties of Montalembert. M. Douaiol had his fine of 1,000 francs to pay, and thus the whole business ended.

After this storm was laid the compilation of his great work, *Les Moines de l'Occident* occupied the mind of Monta-

lembert; and his leisure was apt to be spent in journeys to countries whose sites, like those of Ireland, Scotland, and Germany, were connected with his book. Two volumes were published in 1860, and the remaining ones appeared in 1866 and 1867.

This history, or rather this beautiful *apologia* for the monks of the West, for the evangelists of the Isles, for the civilizers of the darkest corners of Christendom, was but the literary context to a most remarkable movement in France, a movement to which the friends of Montalembert's youth gave the first impulse:

When Lacordaire had been by the suspension of the *Avenir*, and the disapproval of the Pope, thrown back upon his own resources and reflections, it could not be but that that ardent heart and ingenious head should find another medium of communicating with society. To give expression to his love of God, the supreme and satisfying passion of his life, and to warn a world (for whose welfare he was ready to face any sacrifice), that by losing faith in its God it would die to youth, to honour, and to freedom, were necessities to him. From the pulpit of Notre Dame he declared them, and of the many who came there to wonder, some certainly remained to pray. Yet he was not satisfied. What was one voice in this Babel of folly and crime? and so the priest who had been baffled as a reformer and a journalist grew to think that the presence of a preaching order in France would send a quickening spirit through society. At that epoch the Jesuits were the only religious order residing in the country. What if the rule of St. Dominic could be revived, with its third estate of teachers? A place was vacant in the religious machinery of the Church in France, and the Dominican order would fill it; then why not adopt a rule that had once shed such lustre? or why prefer to that rule some system bearing the stamp of the nineteenth century?

The *confidante* of this scheme was Madame Swetchine, and its first convert was Requetat, in whose company we see Lacordaire once more taking his way to Rome.

This time the Pope was favourable. Lacordaire assumed in 1844 the garb of the order, the white and black robes of innocence and of penitence, and he began a life of monastic solitude in the Dominican convent of La Quercia.

We cannot and ought not here to follow the details of this Dominican revival, or of its leader's career, from the first tears shed in the cell at La Quercia, to the last sigh breathed in the school of Sorreze;



but the spirit that animated Lacordaire and his friends was the *History of the Monks of the West* put into action; set as it were to music, and surely to no ordinary strain. Beautiful as they were, still truth compels us to own that lives like those of Requedat, Besson, and Piel were failures for France; for one by one these disciples of Lacordaire withered into early graves; Italy and Mos-soul keep their ashes, and their spirits rest. They were of those who, like the Père Gratry, had early heard some unearthly voice adjure them: "Friend, come up higher," but alas! society has not been born again through their great devotion, their prayerful vigils, or their unrepining deaths.

No trait of French national character in this century is so painful as the want of moral courage in Frenchmen to resist a personal or a popular impulse, and in this revival of the conventual life we cannot but see another phase of the same fatal evil. Not a contemptible phase, but not the less a pernicious one. To escape from the present dilemma, and to construct in imagination a new situation out of new but imaginary elements, is not to regenerate society, but to make a sentimental mistake.

What was finest in these men was their earnest devotion, their readiness to sacrifice the person to the cause, the present to the future, the few for the many, the life for the work. Montalembert, less heroic than the rest, praised St. Bernard, St. Benedict, and St. Dominic, and he praised his friends; but while he felt with them, he did not do as they did. It was only in later life that he had to drink of their cup.

In his house in the Rue de Bac, and in his château at Villersexel, his daughter Catherine had grown up beside him. She had inherited his talent; she was gay, sweet-tempered, and accomplished, and her appearance in society had realized every wish her father might have formed. Suddenly she announced to him her desire to become a nun. This daughter of the historian of the cloister said it, meant it, and did it, for her father could not well refute her arguments. M. Cochin describes the scene that took place between them. "One day his charming and beloved child entered that library which all his friends knew so well, and said to him, 'I am fond of everything around me. I love pleasure, wit, society, and its amusements; I love my family, my studies, my companions, my youth, my life, my country; but I love God better than all, and I desire to give myself to Him.' And when he said to her, 'My child,

is there something that grieves you?' she went to the bookshelves, and sought one of the volumes in which he has narrated the history of the monks of the West. 'It is you,' she answered, 'who have taught me that withered hearts and weary souls are not the things which we ought to offer to God.' Some months after Mademoiselle de Montalembert carried out her purpose, as her father said, 'à sa grande désolation.'" The gap she left in his life was never filled up; and though Mrs. Oliphant says that he grew to forget his individual disappointment and pain in seeing her useful and happy in her vocation, no one who saw him could doubt but that in giving her up he had given up the light and brightness of his last years. They were years of physical suffering, though of unblunted sympathies and of undimmed faith. Death came painlessly and gently at last on March 13, 1870, to one who was "cast in gentle mould," and saved an honourable French statesman from beholding the humiliation of his beautiful France at the hands of a foreign foe, and the destruction of Paris at the hands of the Commune.

Those whom the gods love die young; yet even to have died in the spring of 1870, was to have been spared much that Montalembert had foreseen, and that, in common with the whole constitutional party, he had been too feeble to prevent.

His youth had been one of so great promise, that the question is forced upon one, Why was the after life incommensurate with it? Why did all those graces of adolescence and enthusiasm not ripen and harden into a fuller stature of manly greatness? He fell on evil days, and his mental fibre was delicate in no common degree. A nature like this has one great drawback; it suffers. Time is needed to recover from suffering, and way and ground are both lost during a process which time only can accomplish. The wound heals, as wounds in all sound minds and bodies do heal, but the man starts again at a disadvantage. No one, for example, who looked at Montalembert's face in late life could mistake for a moment that he was a man who had been shaken by mental as well as physical pangs. Only less sensitive than De Tocqueville, his was a temperament unfitted to succeed. Only the men of blood and iron really succeed, for they have no hesitations, no regrets, no relents, no doubts, and no despairs. But there was another and a heavier cause for Montalembert's failures. It lay in what he considered his strength, in his utter subservience to Rome. In 1870, and when M. de Mon-

talembert was, through "suffering, rejoicing, and sorrowing," slowly making his way to his rest, the agitation of the Papal Infallibility as a *vérité patente* and a dogma came to a crisis. The almost dying man wrote on February 28th a letter, published in the *Gazette de France*, condemning the eager servility with which Frenchmen were carrying out Ultramontane principles in the Church. Yet in the last days of his life the following remarkable conversation took place. A visitor put a direct question to Montalembert: "If the Infallibility is proclaimed, what will you do?" "I will struggle against it as long as I can." But when the question was repeated, "What should I do?" he said. "We are always told that the Pope is a father; *eh bien!* there are many fathers who demand our adherence to things very far from our inclinations and contrary to our ideas. In such a case the son struggles while he can; he tries hard to persuade his father, discusses and talks the matter over with him; but when all is done, when he sees no possibility of succeeding, but receives a distinct refusal, he submits. I shall do the same." "You will submit as far as form goes; you will submit externally. But how will you reconcile that submission with your ideas and convictions?" "I will make no attempt to reconcile them; I will simply submit my will, as has to be done in respect to all the other questions of the faith. I am not a theologian: it is not my part to decide such matters, and God does not ask me to understand. He asks me to submit my will and intelligence, and I will do so."

This confession of his faith needs no commentary. Under the circumstances, which painfully recall those of the deathbed of Adolphe Gratry, it can have but one explanation. The children of the Church of Rome love her—through right and through wrong they love her—and in France no wonder. In an age all chaotic she stands firm on the rock of the Fisherman's faith. Vexed tides and contrary winds have often wrecked the vessel of the State; the ship of the Church will outlive the storm. Society is flippant, godless, and sensual, but she trains up Spartan sons. Modern schools of thought for the "very God" of the Credo, can at best substitute and acknowledge an Unknowable and an Unknown; but instead of a force of forces, recognized beyond the limits of the known, the Church points to the Light of Lights, as lightening every man that cometh into the world. Immortality and its hopes may be fading out of many minds

too gross to need its promises or to note its foreshadowings, but the Church still proclaims as God's last, best gift "the life of the world to come."

The disorders and distractions, the ignorance, idleness, and selfishness of modern France might also well have inclined Montalembert and his friends to revert fondly to a time when French churchmen were supreme in politics, piety, and thought, till they felt that the eclipse of faith is the night of a nation. What wonder, then, if as French society emerged from the darkness of a quarter of a century these men turned to the Catholic Church as to a fountain of rejuvenescence? And when, as from the roots of trees that have been felled, Montalembert saw fresh saplings spring, green with beauty and with promise, what wonder that he looked upon his Church as the nursing mother of society, saw with prophetic joy issue from her "gates," in unbroken succession and in inexhaustible supply, "the servants and the handmaids of God?"

La Quercia bid fair at one time to be a second Port Royal. So much the Catholic revivalists achieved, but no more. But this revival of an obsolete monastic system had to be nursed in a foreign country, and their scheme for the restoration of society was withered like the oak leaves from the convent trees. False as an anachronism, it was false to common sense, and it was in its details false to patriotism.

Yet where the *Avenir* propaganda had been condemned, this plan received the Papal sanction, and with all its fatal errors it had the delighted approval of M. de Montalembert. The Pontiff probably thought it harmless, but the statesman must have failed to see that it never could leaven society since it began by renouncing it, or save a country since the first step was to leave it. Why did he fail to see this? Because Rome gives a deadly wine to her sons; because when integrity of mind has once been lost, the sense is lost by which men distinguish truth from error. Had these friends been true in early life to the light which was in them, their lives, which could not have been more saintly, would have been perhaps more stormy and certainly more useful. Given over to a strong delusion, because they persistently preferred a system to the truth, and to all its consequences, their plan was written on water. It was not the commencement of a great social work, but rather, when understood aright, the expression of a profound social despair, and, like despair, it has had no offspring and no future. The

taste for conventualism which it has imported into France is one of the many evils with which French society has now to contend, and the cloister now receives many a life and too many an endowment sorely needed in another field. The extent to which this affects provincial life is perhaps not well known, or much realized out of France, though it is probably not unknown to the acute statesman who has just banished the religious orders from the new German Empire.

The staff of the *Avenir* and the brotherhood of La Quercia are both now things of the past in France, where events follow each other so fiercely fast. But her Church is unquiet still. One or two daring men have sympathized with the Old Catholic party in Munich, but the Ultramontane policy is very vigorous, and in recent years the private convictions of such teachers as Dupanloup and Adolphe Gratry have experienced an eclipse like those of Montalembert. In fact, there are at this moment but few rifts in the clouds that overhang the future of the Gallican Church.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTON.

#### INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THEY who chance to have read the "Coming Race" may perhaps remember that I, the adventurous discoverer of the land without a sun, concluded the sketch of my adventures by a brief reference to the malady which, though giving no perceptible notice of its encroachments, might, in the opinion of my medical attendant, prove suddenly fatal.

I had brought my little book to this somewhat melancholy close a few years before the date of its publication, and, in the meanwhile, I was induced to transfer my residence to Paris, in order to place myself under the care of an English physician, renowned for his successful treatment of complaints analogous to my own.

I was the more readily persuaded to undertake this journey, partly because I enjoyed a familiar acquaintance with the eminent physician referred to, who had commenced his career and founded his reputation in the United States, partly because I had become a solitary man, the ties of home broken, and dear friends of mine were domiciled in Paris, with whom I should be sure of tender sympathy and

cheerful companionship. I had reason to be thankful for this change of residence: the skill of Dr. C—— soon restored me to health. Brought much into contact with various circles of Parisian society, I became acquainted with the persons, and a witness of the events, that form the substance of the tale I am about to submit to the public, which has treated my former book with so generous an indulgence. Sensitively tenacious of that character for strict and unalloyed veracity which, I flatter myself, my account of the abodes and manners of the Vrilya has established, I could have wished to preserve the following narrative no less jealously guarded than its predecessor from the vagaries of fancy. But Truth undisguised, never welcome in any civilized community above ground, is exposed at this time to especial dangers in Paris; and my life would not be worth an hour's purchase if I exhibited her in *puris naturalibus* to the eyes of a people wholly unfamiliarized to a spectacle so indecorous. That care for one's personal safety, which is the first duty of thoughtful man, compels me therefore to reconcile the appearance of *la Verité* to the *bienséances* of the polished society in which *la Liberté* admits no opinion not dressed after the last fashion.

Attired as fiction, Truth may be peacefully received; and, despite the necessity thus imposed by prudence, I indulge the modest hope that I do not in these pages unfaithfully represent certain prominent types of the brilliant population which has invented so many varieties of Koom-Posh;\* and even when it appears hopelessly lost in the slough of a Glek-Nas, re-emerges fresh and lively as if from an invigorating plunge into the Fountain of Youth. *O Paris, foyer des idées, et ail du monde!* — animated contrast to the serene tranquility of the Vrilya, which, nevertheless, the noisiest philosophers ever pretend to make the goal of their desires — of all communities on which shines the sun and descend the rains of heaven, fertilizing alike wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in every city men have yet built on this

\* Koom-Posh, Glek-Nas. For the derivation of these terms and their metaphorical signification, I must refer the reader to the "Coming Race," chapter xii., on the language of the Vrilya. To those who have not read or have forgotten that historical composition, it may be convenient to state briefly that Koom-Posh with the Vrilya is the name for the government of the many, or the ascendancy of the most ignorant or hollow, and may be loosely rendered Hollow-Bosh. When Koom-Posh degenerates from popular ignorance into the popular ferocity which precedes its decay, the name for that state of things is Glek-Nas — viz., the universal strife-rot.

earth, mayest thou, O Paris, be the last to brave the wands of the Coming Race and be reduced into cinders for the sake of the common good!

TISH.

PARIS, August 28, 1872.

## THE PARISIANS.

## BOOK FIRST. — CHAPTER I.

It was a bright day in the early spring of 1869.

All Paris seemed to have turned out to enjoy itself. The Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, swarmed with idlers. A stranger might have wondered where Toil was at work, and in what nook Poverty lurked concealed. A *millionnaire* from the London Exchange, as he looked round on the *magasins*, the equipages, the dresses of the women; as he inquired the prices in the shops and the rent of apartments, — might have asked himself, in envious wonder "How on earth do those gay Parisians live? What is their fortune? Where does it come from?"

As the day declined, many of the scattered loungers crowded into the Boulevards; the *cafés* and *restaurants* began to light up.

About this time a young man, who might be some five or six and twenty, was walking along the Boulevard des Italiens, heeding little the throng through which he glided his solitary way: there was that in his aspect and bearing which caught attention. He looked a somebody; but though unmistakably a Frenchman, not a Parisian. His dress was not in the prevailing mode, — to a practised eye it betrayed the taste and the cut of a provincial tailor. His gait was not that of the Parisian — less lounging, more stately; and, unlike the Parisian, he seemed indifferent to the gaze of others.

Nevertheless there was about him that air of dignity or distinction which those who are reared from their cradle in the pride of birth acquire so unconsciously that it seems hereditary and inborn. It must also be confessed that the young man himself was endowed with a considerable share of that nobility which Nature capriciously distributes among her favourites, with little respect for their pedigree and blazon — the nobility of form and face. He was tall and well-shaped, with graceful length of limb and fall of shoulders; his face was handsome, of the purest type of French masculine beauty — the nose inclined to be aquiline, and delicately thin, with finely-cut open nostrils; the complexion clear, the eyes large, of a light hazel,

with dark lashes, the hair of a chestnut brown, with no tint of auburn, the beard and moustache a shade darker, clipped short, not disguising the outline of lips, which were now compressed, as if smiles had of late been unfamiliar to them; yet such compression did not seem in harmony with the physiognomical character of their formation, which was that assigned by Lavater to temperaments easily moved to gaiety and pleasure.

Another gentleman, about his own age, coming quickly out of one of the streets of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, brushed close by the stately pedestrian above described, caught sight of his countenance, stopped short, and exclaimed, "Alain!" The person thus abruptly accosted turned his eye tranquilly on the eager face, of which all the lower part was enveloped in black beard; and slightly lifting his hat, with a gesture of the head that implied, "Sir, you are mistaken; I have not the honour to know you," continued his slow indifferent way. The would-be acquaintance was not so easily rebuffed. "*Peste*," said he, between his teeth, "I am certainly right. He is not much altered — of course *I am*; ten years of Paris would improve an orang-outang." Quickening his step, and regaining the side of the man he had called "Alain," he said, with a well-bred mixture of boldness and courtesy in his tone and countenance —

"Ten thousand pardons if I am wrong. But surely I accost Alain de Kerouec, son of the Marquis de Rochebriant."

"True, sir; but —"

"But you do not remember me, your old college friend, Frederic Lemerrier?"

"Is it possible?" cried Alain, cordially, and with an animation which changed the whole character of his countenance. "My dear Frederic, my dear friend, this is indeed good fortune! So you, too, are at Paris?"

"Of course; and you? Just come, I perceive," he added, somewhat satirically, as, linking his arm in his new-found friend's, he glanced at the cut of that friend's coat-collar.

"I have been here a fortnight," replied Alain.

"Hem! I suppose you lodge in the old Hotel de Rochebriant. I passed it yesterday, admiring its vast *façade*, little thinking you were its inmate."

"Neither am I; the hotel does not belong to me — it was sold some years ago by my father."

"Indeed! I hope your father got a good price for it; those grand hotels have tre-

bled their value within the last five years. And how is your father? Still the same polished *grand seigneur*? I never saw him but once, you know; and I shall never forget his smile, *style grand monarque*, when he patted me on the head and tipped me ten napoleons."

"My father is no more," said Alain, gravely; "he has been dead nearly three years."

"*Ciel!* forgive me, I am greatly shocked. Hem! so you are now the Marquis de Rochebriant, a great historical name, worth a large sum in the market. Few such names left. Superb place your old château, is it not?"

"A superb place, No — a venerable ruin, Yes!"

"Ah, a ruin! so much the better. All the bankers are mad after ruins — so charming an amusement to restore them. You will restore yours, without doubt. I will introduce you to such an architect! has the *moyen âge* at his finger's ends. Dear — but a genius."

The young Marquis smiled — for since he had found a college friend, his face showed that it could smile; smiled, but not cheerfully, and answered —

"I have no intention to restore Rochebriant. The walls are solid; they have weathered the storms of six centuries; they will last my time, and with me the race perishes."

"Bah! the race perish, indeed! you will marry. *Parlez-moi de ça* — you could not come to a better man. I have a list of all the heiresses at Paris, bound in russia leather. You may take your choice out of twenty. Ah, if I were but a Rochebriant! It is an infernal thing to come into the world a Lemer cier. I am a democrat, of course. A Lemer cier would be in a false position if he were not. But if any one would leave me twenty acres of land, with some antique right to the De and a title, faith, would not I be an aristocrat, and stand up for my order? But now we have met, pray let us dine together. Ah! no doubt you are engaged every day for a month. A Rochebriant just new to Paris must be *scéle* by all the Faubourg."

"No," answered Alain, simply — "I am not engaged; my range of acquaintance is more circumscribed than you suppose."

"So much the better for me. I am luckily disengaged to-day, which is not often the case, for I am in some request in my own set, though it is not that of the Faubourg. Where shall we dine? — at the *Trois Frères*?"

"Wherever you please. I know no res-  
LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 51

*taurant* at Paris except a very ignoble one, close by my lodging."

"*A propos*, where do you lodge?"

"Rue de l'Université, Numero —."

"A fine street, but *triste*. If you have no longer your family hotel, you have no excuse to linger in that museum of mummies, the Faubourg St. Germain; you must go into one of the new quarters by the Champs Elysées. Leave it to me; I'll find you a charming apartment. I know one to be had at a bargain — a bagatelle — 500 naps a-year. Cost you about two or three thousand more to furnish tolerably, not showily. Leave all to me. In three days you shall be settled. *A propos*! horses! You must have English ones. How many? — three for the saddle, two for your *coupé*? I'll find them for you. I will write to London to-morrow. *Reese* (Rice) is your man."

"Spare yourself that trouble, my dear Frederic. I keep no horses and no *coupé*. I shall not change my apartment." As he said this, Rochebriant drew himself up somewhat haughtily.

"Faith," thought Lemer cier, "is it possible that the Marquis is poor? No. I have always heard that the Rochebriants were among the greatest proprietors in Bretagne. Most likely, with all his innocence of the Faubourg St. Germain, he knows enough of it to be aware that I, Frederic Lemer cier, am not the man to patronize one of its greatest nobles. *Sacre bleu!* if I thought that; if he meant to give himself airs to me, his old college friend — I would — I would call him out."

Just as M. Lemer cier had come to that bellicose resolution, the Marquis said, with a smile, which, though frank, was not without a certain grave melancholy in its expression, "My dear Frederic, pardon me if I seem to receive your friendly offers ungraciously. But believe that I have reasons you will approve for leading at Paris a life which you certainly will not envy;" then, evidently desirous to change the subject, he said in a livelier tone, "But what a marvellous city this Paris of ours is! Remember I had never seen it before: it burst on me like a city in the Arabian Nights two weeks ago. And that which strikes me most — I say it with regret and a pang of conscience — is certainly not the Paris of former times, but that Paris which M. Buonaparte — I beg pardon, which the Emperor — has called up around him, and identified for ever with his reign. It is what is new in Paris that strikes and enthralms me. Here I see the life of France, and I belong to her tombs!"



"I don't quite understand you," said Lemerrier. "If you think that because your father and grandfather were Legitimists, you have not the fair field of living ambition open to you under the Empire, you never were more mistaken. *Moyen âge*, and even *rococo*, are all the rage. You have no idea how valuable your name would be either at the Imperial Court or in a Commercial Company. But with your fortune you are independent of all but fashion and the Jockey Club. And *à propos* of that, pardon me — what villain made your coat? — let me know; I will denounce him to the police."

Half amused, half amazed, Alain Marquis de Rochebriant looked at Frederic Lemerrier much as a good-tempered lion may look upon a lively poodle who takes a liberty with his mane, and, after a pause, he replied curtly, "The clothes I wear at Paris were made in Bretagne; and if the name of Rochebriant be of any value at all in Paris, which I doubt, let me trust that it will make me acknowledged as *gentilhomme*, whatever my taste in a coat, or whatever the doctrines of a club composed — of jockeys."

"Ha, ha!" cried Lemerrier, freeing himself from the arm of his friend, and laughing the more irresistibly as he encountered the grave look of the Marquis. "Pardon me — I can't help it — the Jockey Club — composed of jockeys! — it is too much! — the best joke! My dear Alain, there is some of the best blood of Europe in the Jockey Club; they would exclude a plain *bourgeois* like me. But it is all the same; in one respect you are quite right. Walk in a blouse if you please — you are still Rochebriant — you would only be called eccentric. Alas! I am obliged to send to London for my pantaloons; that comes of being a Lemerrier. But here we are in the Palais Royal."

#### CHAPTER II.

THE *salons* of the Trois Frères were crowded — our friends found a table with some little difficulty. Lemerrier proposed a private cabinet, which, for some reason known to himself, the Marquis declined.

Lemerrier spontaneously and unrequested ordered the dinner and the wines.

While waiting for their oysters, with which when in season, French *bon-vivants* usually commence their dinner, Lemerrier looked round the *salon* with that air of inimitable, scrutinizing, superb impertinence which distinguishes the Parisian dandy. Some of the ladies returned his glance coquettishly, for Lemerrier was *beau*

*garçon*; others turned aside indignantly, and muttered something to the gentlemen dining with them. The said gentlemen, when old, shook their heads, and continued to eat unmoved; when young, turned briskly round, and looked at first fiercely at M. Lemerrier, but, encountering his eye through the glass which he had screwed into its socket — noticing the hardihood of his countenance and the squareness of his shoulders — even they turned back to the tables, shook their heads, and continued to eat unmoved, just like the old ones.

"Ah!" cried Lemerrier, suddenly, "here comes a man you should know, *mon cher*. He will tell you how to place your money — a rising man — a coming man — a future minister. Ah! *bon-jour*, Duplessis, *bon-jour*," kissing his hand to a gentleman who had just entered, and was looking about him for a seat. He was evidently well and favourably known at the Trois Frères. The waiters had flocked round him, and were pointing to a table by the window, which a saturnine Englishman, who had dined off a beef-steak and potatoes, was about to vacate.

Mons. Duplessis, having first assured himself, like a prudent man, that his table was secure, having ordered his oysters, his chablis, and his *potage à la bisque*, now paced calmly and slowly across the *salon*, and halted before Lemerrier.

Here let me pause for a moment, and give the reader a rapid sketch of the two Parisians.

Frederic Lemerrier is dressed, somewhat too showily, in the extreme of the prevalent fashion. He wears a superb pin in his cravat — a pin worth 2000 francs; he wears rings on his fingers, *breloques* to his watch-chain. He has a warm though dark complexion, thick black eyebrows, full lips, a nose somewhat turned up, but not small, very fine large dark eyes, a bold, open, somewhat impertinent expression of countenance — withal decidedly handsome, thanks to colouring, youth, and vivacity of "regard."

Lucien Duplessis, bending over the table, glancing first with curiosity at the Marquis de Rochebriant, who leans his cheek on his hand and seems not to notice him, then concentrating his attention on Frederic Lemerrier, who sits square with his hands clasped — Lucien Duplessis is somewhere between forty and fifty, rather below the middle height, slender but not slight — what in English phrase is called "wiry." He is dressed with extreme simplicity: black frock-coat buttoned up; black cravat worn higher than men who follow the

fashions wear their neckcloths nowadays; a hawk's eye and a hawk's beak; hair of a dull brown, very short, and wholly without curl; his cheeks thin and smoothly shaven, but he wears a moustache and imperial, plagiarised from those of his sovereign and, like all plagiarisms, carrying the borrowed beauty to extremes, so that the points of moustache and imperial, stiffened and sharpened by cosmetics which must have been composed of iron, looked like three long stings guarding lip and jaw from invasion; a pale olive-brown complexion; eyes small, deep-sunk, calm, piercing; his expression of face at first glance not striking, except for quiet immovability. Observed more heedfully, the expression was keenly intellectual—determined about the lips, calculating about the brows: altogether the face of no ordinary man, and one not, perhaps, without fine and high qualities, concealed from the general gaze by habitual reserve, but justifying the confidence of those whom he admitted into his intimacy.

"Ah, *mon cher*," said Lemercier, "you promised to call on me yesterday at two o'clock. I waited in for you half an hour; you never came."

"No; I went first to the *Bourse*. The shares in that Company we spoke of have fallen; they will fall much lower—foolish to buy in yet; so the object of my calling on you was over. I took it for granted you would not wait if I failed my appointment. Do you go to the opera to-night?"

"I think not—nothing worth going for; besides, I have found an old friend to whom I consecrate this evening. Let me introduce you to the Marquis de Rochebriant. Alain, M. Duplessis."

The two gentlemen bowed.

"I had the honour to be known to Monsieur your father," said Duplessis.

"Indeed," returned Rochebriant. "He had not visited Paris for many years before he died."

"It was in London I met him, at the house of the Russian Princess C——."

The Marquis coloured high, inclined his head gravely, and made no reply. Here the waiter brought the oysters and the chablis, and Duplessis retired to his own table.

"That is the most extraordinary man," said Frederic, as he squeezed the lemon over his oysters, "and very much to be admired."

"How so! I see nothing at least to admire in his face," said the Marquis, with the bluntness of a provincial.

"His face. Ah! you are a Legitimist

—party prejudice. He dresses his face after the Emperor; in itself a very clever face, surely."

"Perhaps, but not an amiable one. He looks like a bird of prey."

"All clever men are birds of prey. The eagles are the heroes, and the owls the sages. Duplessis is not an eagle nor an owl. I should rather call him a falcon, except that I would not attempt to hood-wink him."

"Call him what you will," said the Marquis, indifferently; "M. Duplessis can be nothing to me."

"I'm not so sure of that," answered Frederic, somewhat nettled by the phlegm with which the Provincial regarded the pretensions of the Parisian. "Duplessis, I repeat it, is an extraordinary man. Though untitled, he descends from your old aristocracy; in fact, I believe, as his name shows, from the same stem as the Richelieus. His father was a great scholar, and I believe he has read much himself. Might have taken to literature or the bar, but his parents died fearfully poor; and some distant relations in commerce took charge of him, and devoted his talents to the *Bourse*. Seven years ago he lived in a single chamber, *au quatrieme*, near the Luxembourg. He has now a hotel, not large but charming, in the Champs Elysees, worth at least 600,000 francs. Nor has he made his own fortune alone, but that of many others; some of birth as high as your own. He has the genius of riches, and knocks off a million as a poet does an ode, by the force of inspiration. He is, hand-in-glove with the Ministers, and has been invited to Compiègne by the Emperor. You will find him very useful."

Alain made a slight movement of incredulous dissent, and changed the conversation to reminiscences of old schoolboy days.

The dinner at length came to a close. Frederic rang for the bill—glanced over it. "Fifty-nine francs," said he, carelessly flinging down his napoleon and a half. The Marquis silently drew forth his purse and extracted the same sum.

When they were out of the restaurant, Frederic proposed adjourning to his own rooms. "I can promise you an excellent cigar, one of a box given to me by an invaluable young Spaniard attached to the Embassy here. Such cigars are not to be had at Paris for money, nor even for love, seeing that women, however devoted and generous, never offer you anything better than a cigarette. Such cigars are only to be had for friendship. Friendship is a jewel."

"I never smoke," answered the Marquis, "but I shall be charmed to come to your rooms; only don't let me encroach on your good-nature. Doubtless you have engagements for the evening."

"None till eleven o'clock, when I have promised to go to a *soirée* to which I do not offer to take you; for it is one of those Bohemian entertainments at which it would do you harm in the Faubourg to assist—at least until you have made good your position. Let me see, is not the Duchesse de Tarascon a relation of yours?"

"Yes; my poor mother's first cousin."

"I congratulate you. *Très grande dame*. She will launch you in *puro celo*, as Juno might have launched one of her young peacocks."

"There has been no acquaintance between our houses," returned the Marquis, dryly, "since the *mésalliance* of her second nuptials."

"*Mésalliance!* second nuptials! Her second husband was the Duke de Tarascon."

"A duke of the First Empire—the grandson of a butcher."

"*Diable!* you are a severe genealogist, *Monsieur le Marquis*. How can you consent to walk arm-in-arm with me, whose great-grandfather supplied bread, to the same army to which the Duke de Tarascon's grandfather furnished the meat?"

"My dear Frederic, we two have an equal pedigree, for our friendship dates from the same hour. I do not blame the Duchesse de Tarascon for marrying the grandson of a butcher, but for marrying the son of a man made duke by an usurper. She abandoned the faith of her house and the cause of her sovereign. Therefore her marriage is a blot on our scutcheon."

Frederic raised his eyebrows, but had the tact to pursue the subject no farther. He who interferes in the quarrels of relations must pass through life without a friend.

The young men now arrived at Lemerrier's apartment, an *entresol* looking on the Boulevard des Italiens, consisting of more rooms than a bachelor generally requires; and though low-pitched, of good dimensions, decorated and furnished with a luxury which really astonished the provincial, though, with the high-bred pride of an Oriental, he suppressed every sign of surprise.

Florentine cabinets freshly retouched by the exquisite skill of Mombro, costly specimens of old Sèvres and Limoges; pic-

tures and bronzes and marble statuettes—all well chosen and of great price, reflected from mirrors in Venetian frames—made a *coup d'œil* very favourable to that respect which the human mind pays to the evidences of money. Nor was comfort less studied than splendour. Thick carpets covered the floors, doubled and quilted *portières* excluded all draughts from chinks in the doors. Having allowed his friend a few minutes to contemplate and admire the *salle à manger* and *salon* which constituted his more state apartments, Frederic then conducted him into a small cabinet, fitted up with scarlet cloth and gold fringes, whereon were artistically arranged trophies of Eastern weapons and Turkish pipes with amber mouth-pieces.

There placing the Marquis at ease on a divan, and flinging himself on another, the Parisian exquisite ordered a valet, well dressed as himself, to bring coffee and liqueurs; and after vainly pressing one of his matchless cigars on his friend, indulged in his own Regalia.

"They are ten years old," said Frederic, with a tone of compassion at Alain's self-inflicted loss—"ten years old. Born therefore about the year in which we two parted."

"When you were so hastily summoned from college," said the Marquis, "by the news of your father's illness. We expected you back in vain. Have you been at Paris ever since?"

"Ever since; my poor father died of that illness. His fortune proved much larger than was suspected—my share amounted to an income from investments in stocks, houses, &c., to upwards of 60,000 francs a-year; and as I wanted six years to my majority, of course the capital on attaining my majority would be increased by accumulation. My mother desired to keep me near her; my uncle, who was joint guardian with her, looked with disdain on our poor little provincial cottage; so promising an heir should acquire his finishing education under masters at Paris. Long before I was of age, I was initiated into politer mysteries of our capital than those celebrated by Eugene Sue. When I took possession of my fortune five years ago, I was considered a *Croesus*; and really for that patriarchal time I was wealthy. Now, alas! my accumulations have vanished in my outfit; and 60,000 francs a-year is the least a Parisian can live upon. It is not only that all prices have fabulously increased, but that the dearer things become, the better people live. When I first came out, the world speculated upon

me; now, in order to keep my standing, I am forced to speculate on the world. Hitherto I have not lost; Duplessis let me into a few good things this year, worth 100,000 francs or so. Croesus consulted the Delphic Oracle. Duplessis was not alive in the time of Croesus, or Croesus would have consulted Duplessis."

Here there was a ring at the outer door of the apartment, and in another minute the valet ushered in a gentleman somewhere about the age of thirty, of prepossessing countenance, and with the indefinable air of good-breeding and *usage du monde*. Frederic started up to greet cordially the new-comer, and introduced him to the Marquis under the name of "Sare Gram-Varn."

"Decidedly," said the visitor, as he took off his paletot and seated himself beside the Marquis—"decidedly, my dear Lemercier," said he, in very correct French, and with the true Parisian accent and intonation. "You Frenchmen merit that praise for polished ignorance of the language of barbarians which a distinguished historian bestows on the ancient Romans. Permit me, Marquis, to submit to you the consideration whether Gram Varn is a fair rendering of my name as truthfully printed on this card."

The inscription on the card, thus drawn from its case and placed in Alain's hand, was—

MR. GRAHAM VANE,

No. — Rue D'Anjou.

The Marquis gazed at it as he might on a hieroglyphic, and passed it on to Lemercier in discreet silence.

That gentleman made another attempt at the barbarian appellation.

"'Grar—ham Varné.' C'est ça! I triumph! all difficulties yield to French energy."

Here the coffee and liqueurs were served; and after a short pause the Englishman, who had very quietly been observing the silent Marquis, turned to him and said: "*Monsieur le Marquis*, I presume it was your father whom I remember as an acquaintance of my own father at Ems. It is many years ago; I was but a child. The Count de Chambord was then at that enervating little spa for the benefit of the Countess's health. If our friend Lemercier does not mangle your name as he does mine, I understand him to say that you are the Marquis de Rochebriant."

"That is my name: it pleases me to hear that my father was among those who flocked to Ems to do homage to the royal

personage who deigns to assume the title of Count de Chambord."

"My own ancestors clung to the descendants of James II. till their claims were buried in the grave of the last Stuart; and I honour the gallant men who, like your father, revere in an exile the heir to their ancient kings."

The Englishman said this with grace and feeling; the Marquis's heart warmed to him at once.

"The first loyal *gentilhomme* I have met at Paris," thought the Legitimist; "and, oh, shame! not a Frenchman!"

Graham Vane, now stretching himself and accepting the cigar which Lemercier offered him, said to that gentleman: "You who know your Paris by heart—everybody and everything therein worth the knowing, with many bodies and many things that are not worth it—can you inform me who and what is a certain lady who every fine day may be seen walking in a quiet spot at the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne, not far from the Baron de Rothschild's villa? The said lady arrives at this selected spot in a dark-blue *coupé* without armorial bearings punctually at the hour of three. She wears always the same dress, a kind of grey pearl-coloured silk, with a *cachemire* shawl. In age she may be somewhat about twenty—a year or so more or less—and has a face as haunting as a Medusa's; not, however, a face to turn a man into a stone, but rather of the two turn a stone into a man. A clear paleness, with a bloom like an alabaster lamp with the light flashing through. I borrow that illustration from Sare Scott, who applied it to Milor Bee-ron."

"I have not seen the lady you describe," answered Lemercier, feeling humiliated by the avowal; "in fact, I have not been in that sequestered part of the Bois for months; but I will go to-morrow: three o'clock you say—leave it to me; to-morrow evening, if she is a Parisienne, you shall know all about her. But, *mon cher*, you are not of a jealous temperament to confide your discovery to another."

"Yes, I am of a very jealous temperament," replied the Englishman; "but jealousy comes after love, and not before it. I am not in love; I am only haunted. To-morrow evening, then, shall we dine at Philippe's, seven o'clock?"

"With all my heart," said Lemercier; "and you too, Alain."

"Thank you, no," said the Marquis, briefly; and he rose, drew on his gloves, and took up his hat.

At these signals of departure, the Eng-

lishman, who did not want tact nor delicacy, thought that he had made himself *de trop* in the *tête-à-tête* of two friends of the same age and nation; and, catching up his paletot, said hastily, "No, Marquis, do not go yet, and leave our host in solitude; for I have an engagement which presses, and only looked in at Lemercier's for a moment, seeing the light at his windows. Permit me to hope that our acquaintance will not drop, and inform me where I may have the honour to call on you."

"Nay," said the Marquis; "I claim the right of a native to pay my respects first to the foreigner who visits our capital, and," he added in a lower tone, "who speaks so nobly of those who revere its exiles."

The Englishman saluted, and walked slowly towards the door; but on reaching the threshold turned back and made a sign to Lemercier, unperceived by Alain.

Frederic understood the sign, and followed Graham Vane into the adjoining room, closing the door as he passed.

"My dear Lemercier, of course I should not have intruded on you at this hour on a mere visit of ceremony. I called to say that the Mademoiselle Duval whose address you sent me is not the right one — not the lady whom, knowing your wide range of acquaintance, I asked you to aid me in finding out."

"Not the right Duval? *Diable!* she answered your description exactly."

"Not at all."

"You said she was very pretty and young — under twenty."

"You forgot that I said she deserved that description twenty-one years ago."

"Ah, so you did; but some ladies are always young. 'Age,' says a wit in the *Figaro*, 'is a river which the women compel to reascend to its source when it has flowed onward more than twenty years.' Never mind — *soyez tranquille* — I will find your Duval yet if she is to be found. But why could not the friend who commissioned you to inquire choose a name less common? Duval! every street in Paris has a shop-door over which is inscribed the name of Duval."

"Quite true, there is the difficulty; however, my dear Lemercier, pray continue to look out for a Louise Duval who was young and pretty twenty-one years ago — this search ought to interest me more than that which I intrusted to you to-night, respecting the pearly-robed lady: for in the last I but gratify my own whim; in the first I discharge a promise to a friend. You, so perfect a Frenchman,

know the difference; honour is engaged to the first. Be sure you let me know if you find any other Madame or Mademoiselle Duval; and of course you remember your promise not to mention to any one the commission of inquiry you so kindly undertake. I congratulate you on your friendship for M. de Rochebriant. What a noble countenance and manner!"

Lemercier returned to the Marquis. "Such a pity you can't dine with us to-morrow. I fear you made but a poor dinner to-day. But it is always better to arrange the *menu* beforehand. I will send to Philippe's to-morrow. Do not be afraid."

The Marquis paused a moment, and on his young face a proud struggle was visible. At last he said, bluntly and manfully —

"My dear Frederic, your world and mine are not and cannot be the same. Why should I be ashamed to own to my old schoolfellow that I am poor — very poor; that the dinner I have shared with you to-day is to me a criminal extravagance? I lodge in a single chamber on the fourth story; I dine off a single *plat* at a small *restaurateur's*; the utmost income I can allow to myself does not exceed 5000 francs a-year: my fortunes I cannot hope much to improve. In his own country Alain de Rochebriant has no career."

Lemercier was so astonished by this confession that he remained for some moments silent, eyes and mouth both wide open; at length he sprang up, embraced his friend wellnigh sobbing, and exclaimed, "*Tant mieux pour moi!* You must take your lodging with me. I have a charming bedroom to spare. Don't say no. It will raise my own position to say I and Rochebriant keep house together. It must be so. Come here to-morrow. As for not having a career — bah! I and Duplessis will settle that. You shall be a *millionnaire* in two years. Meanwhile we will join capitals: I my paltry notes, you your grand name. Settled!"

"My dear, dear Frederic," said the young noble, deeply affected, "on reflection you will see what you propose is impossible. Poor I may be without dishonour; live at another man's cost I cannot do without baseness. It does not require to be *gentilhomme* to feel that: it is enough to be a Frenchman. Come and see me when you can spare the time. There is my address. You are the only man in Paris to whom I shall be at home. *Au revoir.*" And breaking away from Lemercier's clasp, the Marquis hurried off.



## CHAPTER III.

ALAIN reached the house in which he lodged. Externally a fine house, it had been the hotel of a great family in the old *régime*. On the first floor were still superb apartments, with ceilings painted by Le Brun, with walls on which the thick silks still seemed fresh. These rooms were occupied by a rich *agent de change*; but, like all such ancient palaces, the upper stories were wretchedly defective even in the comforts which poor men demand nowadays: a back staircase, narrow, dirty, never lighted, dark as Erebus, led to the room occupied by the Marquis, which might be naturally occupied by a needy student or a virtuous *grisette*. But there was to him a charm in that old hotel, and the richest *locataire* therein was not treated with a respect so ceremonious as that which attended the lodger on the fourth story. The porter and his wife were Bretons; they came from the village of Rochebriant; they had known Alain's parents in their young days; it was their kinsman who had recommended him to the hotel which they served: so, when he paused at the lodge for his key, which he had left there, the porter's wife was in waiting for his return, and insisted on lighting him up-stairs and seeing to his fire, for after a warm day the night had turned to that sharp biting cold which is more trying in Paris than even in London.

The old woman, running up the stairs before him, opened the door of his room, and busied herself at the fire. "Gently, my good Martha," said he, "that log suffices. I have been extravagant to-day, and must pinch for it."

"*M. le Marquis* jests," said the old woman, laughing.

"No, Martha; I am serious. I have sinned, but I shall reform. *Entre nous*, my dear friend, Paris is very dear when one sets one's foot out of doors: I must soon go back to Rochebriant."

"When *M. le Marquis* goes back to Rochebriant he must take with him a *Madame la Marquise*—some pretty angel with a suitable *dot*."

"A *dot* suitable to the ruins of Rochebriant would not suffice to repair them, Martha: give me my dressing-gown, and good-night."

"*Bon repos, M. le Marquis! beaux rêves, et bel avenir.*"

"*Bel avenir!*" murmured the young man bitterly, leaning his cheek on his hand; "what fortune fairer than the present can be mine? yet inaction in youth is more

keenly felt than in age. How lightly I should endure poverty if it brought poverty's ennobling companion, Labour—denied to me! Well, well I must go back to the old rock: on this ocean there is no sail, not even an oar, for me."

Alain de Rochebriant had not been reared to the expectation of poverty. The only son of a father whose estates were large beyond those of most nobles in modern France, his destined heritage seemed not unsuitable to his illustrious birth. Educated at a provincial academy, he had been removed at the age of sixteen to Rochebriant, and lived there simply and loneliness enough, but still in a sort of feudal state, with an aunt, an elder and unmarried sister to his father.

His father he never saw but twice after leaving college. That brilliant *seigneur* visited France but rarely, for very brief intervals, residing wholly abroad. To him went all the revenues of Rochebriant save what sufficed for the *ménage* of his son and his sister. It was the cherished belief of these two loyal natures that the Marquis devoted his fortune to the cause of the Bourbons—how, they knew not, though they often amused themselves by conjecturing; and the young man, as he grew up, nursed the hope that he should soon hear that the descendant of Henri Quatre had crossed the frontier on a white charger and hoisted the old gonfalon with its *fleur-de-lis*. Then, indeed, his own career would be opened, and the sword of the Kerouacs drawn from its sheath. Day after day he expected to hear of revolts, of which his noble father was doubtless the soul. But the Marquis, though a sincere Legitimist, was by no means an enthusiastic fanatic. He was simply a very proud, a very polished, a very luxurious, and, though not without the kindness and generosity which were common attributes of the old French noblesse, a very selfish *grand seigneur*.

Losing his wife (who died the first year of marriage in giving birth to Alain) while he was yet very young, he had lived a frank libertine life until he fell submissive under the despotic yoke of a Russian Princess, who, for some mysterious reason, never visited her own country and obstinately refused to reside in France. She was fond of travel, and moved yearly from London to Naples, Naples to Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Seville, Carlsbad, Baden-Baden—anywhere for caprice or change, except Paris. This fair wanderer succeeded in chaining to herself the heart and the steps of the Marquis de Rochebriant.

She was very rich; she lived semi-royally. Hers was just the house in which it suited the Marquis to be the *enfant gâté*. I suspect that, cat-like, his attachment was rather to the house than to the person of his mistress. Not that he was domiciled with the Princess; that would have been somewhat too much against the proprieties, greatly too much against the Marquis's notions of his own dignity. He had his own carriage, his own apartments, his own *suile*, as became so grand a *seigneur*, and the lover of so grand a *dame*. His estates, mortgaged before he came to them, yielded no income sufficient for his wants; he mortgaged deeper and deeper, year after year, till he could mortgage them no more. He sold his hotel at Paris—he accepted without scruple his sister's fortune—he borrowed with equal *sang froid* the two hundred thousand francs which his son on coming of age inherited from his mother. Alain yielded that fortune to him without a murmur—nay, with pride; he thought it destined to go towards raising a regiment for the *fleur-de-lis*.

To do the Marquis justice, he was fully persuaded that he should shortly restore to his sister and son what he so recklessly took from them. He was engaged to be married to his Princess so soon as her own husband died. She had been separated from the Prince for many years, and every year it was said he could not last a year longer. But he completed the measure of his conjugal iniquities by continuing to live; and one day, by mistake, Death robbed the lady of the Marquis instead of the Prince.

This was an accident which the Marquis had never counted upon. He was still young enough to consider himself young; in fact, one principal reason for keeping Alain secluded in Brittany was his reluctance to introduce into the world a son "as old as myself," he would say pathetically. The news of his death which happened at Baden after a short attack of bronchitis caught in a supper *al fresco* at the old castle, was duly transmitted to Rochebriant by the Princess; and the shock to Alain and his aunt was the greater because they had seen so little of the departed that they regarded him as a heroic myth, an impersonification of ancient chivalry, condemning himself to voluntary exile rather than do homage to usurpers. But from their grief they were roused by the terrible doubt whether Rochebriant could still be retained in the family. Besides the mortgagees, creditors from half the capitals in Europe sent in

their claims; and all the movable effects transmitted to Alain by his father's confidential Italian valet, except sundry carriages and horses which were sold at Baden for what they would fetch, were a magnificent dressing-case, in the secret drawer of which were some bank-notes amounting to thirty thousand francs, and three large boxes containing the Marquis's correspondence, a few miniature female portraits, and a great many locks of hair.

Wholly unprepared for the ruin that stared him in the face, the young Marquis evinced the natural strength of his character by the calmness with which he met the danger, and the intelligence with which he calculated and reduced it.

By the help of the family notary in the neighbouring town, he made himself master of his liabilities and his means; and he found that, after paying all debts and providing for the interest of the mortgages, a property which ought to have realized a rental of £10,000 a-year, yielded not more than £400. Nor was even this margin safe, nor the property out of peril; for the principal mortgagee, who was a capitalist in Paris named Louvier, having had during the life of the late Marquis more than once to wait for his half-yearly interest longer than suited his patience—and his patience was not enduring—plainly declared that if the same delay recurred he should put his right of seizure in force; and in France still more than England, bad seasons seriously affect the security of rents. To pay away £9600 a-year regularly out of £10,000, with the penalty of forfeiting the whole if not paid, whether crops may fail, farmers procrastinate, and timber fall in price, is to live with the sword of Damocles over one's head.

For two years and more, however, Alain met his difficulties with prudence and vigour; he retrenched the establishment hitherto kept at the chateau, resigned such rural pleasures as he had been accustomed to indulge, and lived like one of his petty farmers. But the risks of the future remained undiminished.

"There is but one way, *Monsieur le Marquis*," said the family notary, M. Hébert, "by which you can put your estate in comparative safety. Your father raised his mortgages from time to time, as he wanted money, and often at interest above the average market interest. You may add considerably to your income by consolidating all these mortgages into one at a lower percentage, and in so doing pay off this formidable mortgagee, M. Louvier, who, I shrewdly suspect, is bent upon be-

coming the proprietor of Rochebriant. Unfortunately those few portions of your land which were but lightly charged, and, lying contiguous to small proprietors, were coveted by them, and could be advantageously sold, are already gone to pay the debts of Monsieur the late Marquis. There are, however, two small farms which, bordering close on the town of S—, I think I could dispose of for building purposes at high rates; but these lands are covered by Monsieur Louvier's general mortgage, and he has refused to release them, unless the whole debt be paid. Were that debt therefore transferred to another mortgagee, we might stipulate for their exception, and in so doing secure a sum of more than 100,000 francs, which you could keep in reserve for a pressing or unforeseen occasion, and make the nucleus of a capital devoted to the gradual liquidation of the charges on the estate. For with a little capital, *Monsieur le Marquis*, your rent-roll might be very greatly increased, the forests and orchards improved, those meadows round S— drained and irrigated. Agriculture is beginning to be understood in Bretagne, and your estate would soon double its value in the hands of a spirited capitalist. My advice to you, therefore, is to go to Paris, employ a good *avoué*, practised in such branch of his profession, to negotiate the consolidation of your mortgages upon terms that will enable you to sell outlying portions, and so pay off the charge by instalments agreed upon;—to see if some safe Company or rich individual can be found to undertake for a term of years the management of your forests, the draining of the S— meadows, the superintendence of your fisheries, &c. They, it is true, will monopolize the profits for many years—perhaps twenty; but you are a young man; at the end of that time you will re-enter on your estate with a rental so improved that the mortgages, now so awful, will seem to you comparatively trivial."

In pursuance of this advice, the young Marquis had come to Paris fortified with a letter from M. Hébert to an *avoué* of eminence, and with many letters from his aunt to the nobles of the Faubourg connected with his house. Now one reason why M. Hébert had urged his client to undertake this important business in person, rather than volunteer his own services in Paris, was somewhat extra-professional. He had a sincere and profound affection for Alain; he felt compassion for that young life so barrenly wasted in seclusion and severe privations; he respected, but

was too practical a man of business to share, those chivalrous sentiments of loyalty to an exiled dynasty which disqualified the man for the age he lived in, and, if not greatly modified, would cut him off from the hopes and aspirations of his eager generation. He thought plausibly enough that the air of the grand metropolis was necessary to the mental health, enfeebled and withering amidst the feudal mists of Bretagne; that once in Paris, Alain would imbibe the ideas of Paris, adapt himself to some career leading to honour and to fortune, for which he took facilities from his high birth, an historical name too national for any dynasty not to welcome among its adherents, and an intellect not yet sharpened by contact and competition with others, but in itself vigorous, habituated to thought, and vivified by the noble aspirations which belong to imaginative natures.

At the least, Alain would be at Paris in the social position which would afford him the opportunities of a marriage, in which his birth and rank would be readily accepted as an equivalent to some ample fortune that would serve to redeem the endangered *seigneuries*. He therefore warned Alain that the affair for which he went to Paris might be tedious, that lawyers were always slow, and advised him to calculate on remaining several months, perhaps a year; delicately suggesting that his rearing hitherto had been too secluded for his age and rank, and that a year at Paris, even if he failed in the object which took him there, would not be thrown away in the knowledge of men and things that would fit him better to grapple with his difficulties on his return.

Alain divided his spare income between his aunt and himself, and had come to Paris resolutely determined to live within the £200 a-year which remained to his share. He felt the revolution in his whole being which commenced when out of sight of the petty principality in which he was the object of that feudal reverence, still surviving in the more unfrequented parts of Bretagne, for the representatives of illustrious names connected with the immemorial legends of the province.

The very bustle of a railway, with its crowd and quickness and unceremonious democracy of travel, served to pain and confound and humiliate that sense of individual dignity in which he had been nurtured. He felt that, once away from Rochebriant, he was but a cipher in the sum of human beings. Arrived at Paris, and reaching the gloomy hotel to which he

had been recommended, he greeted even the desolation of that solitude which is usually so oppressive to a stranger in the metropolis of his native land. Loneliness was better than the loss of self in the reek and pressure of an unfamiliar throng. For the first few days he had wandered over Paris without calling even on the *avoué* to whom M. Hébert had directed him. He felt with the instinctive acuteness of a mind which, under sounder training, would have achieved no mean distinction, that it was a safe precaution to imbue himself with the atmosphere of the place, seize on those general ideas which in great capitals are so contagious that they are often more accurately caught by the first impressions than by subsequent habit, before he brought his mind into contact with those of the individuals he had practically to deal with.

At last he repaired to the *avoué*, M. Gandrin, Rue St. Florentin. He had mechanically formed his idea of the abode and person of an *avoué* from his association with M. Hébert. He expected to find a dull house in a dull street near the centre of business, remote from the haunts of idlers, and a grave man of unpretending exterior and matured years.

He arrived at a hotel newly fronted, richly decorated, in the fashionable *quartier* close by the Tuileries. He entered a wide *porte cochère*, and was directed by the *concierge* to mount *au premier*. There, first detained in an office faultlessly neat, with spruce young men at smart desks, he was at length admitted into a noble *salon*, and into the presence of a gentleman lounging in an easy-chair before a magnificent bureau of *marqueterie*, *genre Louis Seize*, engaged in patting a white curly lapdog, with a pointed nose and a shrill bark.

The gentleman rose politely on his entrance, and released the dog, who after sniffing the Marquis, condescended not to bite.

"*Monsieur le Marquis*," said M. Gandrin, glancing at the card and the introductory note from M. Hébert, which Alain had sent in, and which lay on the *secrétaire* beside heaps of letters nicely arranged and labelled, "charmed to make the honour of your acquaintance; just arrived at Paris? So M. Hébert—a very worthy person whom I have never seen, but with whom I have had correspondence—tells me you wish for my advice; in fact, he wrote to me some days ago, mentioning the business in question—consolidation of mortgages. A very large sum wanted, *Monsieur le Marquis*, and not to be had easily."

"Nevertheless," said Alain, quietly, "I should imagine that there must be many capitalists in Paris willing to invest in good securities at fair interest."

"You are mistaken, Marquis; very few such capitalists. Men worth money nowadays like quick returns and large profits, thanks to the magnificent system of *Crédit Mobilier*, in which, as you are aware, a man may place his money in any trade or speculation without liabilities beyond his share. Capitalists are nearly all traders or speculators."

"Then," said the Marquis, half rising, "I am to presume, sir, that you are not likely to assist me."

"No, I don't say that, Marquis. I will look with care into the matter. Doubtless you have with you an abstract of the necessary documents, the conditions of the present mortgages, the rental of the estate, its probable prospects, and so forth."

"Sir, I have such an abstract with me at Paris; and having gone into it myself with M. Hébert, I can pledge you my word that it is strictly faithful to the facts."

The Marquis said this with *naïve* simplicity, as if his word were quite sufficient to set that part of the question at rest.

M. Gandrin smiled politely and said, "*Eh bien, M. le Marquis*: favour me with the abstract; in a week's time you shall have my opinion. You enjoy Paris? Greatly improved under the Emperor; the *salons*, indeed, are hardly open yet. *A propos*, Madame Gandrin receives to-morrow evening; allow me that opportunity to present you to her."

Unprepared for the proffered hospitality, the Marquis had no option but to murmur his gratification and assent.

In a minute more he was in the streets. The next evening he went to Madame Gandrin's—a brilliant reception—a whole moving flower-bed of "decorations" there. Having gone through the ceremony of presentation to Madame Gandrin—a handsome woman dressed to perfection, and conversing with the secretary to an embassy—the young noble ensconced himself in an obscure and quiet corner, observing all, and imagining that he escaped observation. And as the young men of his own years glided by him, or as their talk reached his ears, he became aware that from top to toe, within and without, he was old-fashioned, obsolete, not of his race, not of his day. His rank itself seemed to him a waste-paper title deed to a heritage long lapsed. Not thus the princely *seigneurs* of Rochebriant made their *début* at the capital of their nation. They had had the

*entrée* to the cabinets of their kings; they had glittered in the halls of Versailles; they had held high posts of distinction in court and camp; the great Order of St. Louis had seemed their hereditary appanage. His father, though a voluntary exile in manhood, had been in childhood a king's page, and throughout life remained the associate of princes; and here, in an *avoué's soirée*, unknown, unregarded, an expectant on an *avoué's* patronage, stood the last lord of Rochebriant.

It is easy to conceive that Alain did not stay long. But he staid long enough to convince him that on £200 a year the polite society of Paris, even as seen at M. Gaudrin's, was not for him. Nevertheless, a day or two after, he resolved to call upon the nearest of his kinsmen to whom his aunt had given him letters. With the Count de Vandemar, one of his fellow-nobles of the sacred Faubourg, he should be no less Rochebriant, whether in a garret or a palace. The Vandemars, in fact, though for many generations before the First Revolution a puissant and brilliant family, had always recognized the Rochebriants as the head of their house—the trunk from which they had been slipped in the fifteenth century, when a younger son of the Rochebriants married a wealthy heiress and took the title, with the lands of Vandemar.

Since then the two families had often intermarried. The present Count had a reputation for ability, was himself a large proprietor, and might furnish advice to guide him with M. Gaudrin. The Hotel de Vandemar stood facing the old Hotel de Rochebriant; it was less spacious, but not less venerable, gloomy, and prison-like.

As he turned his eyes from the armorial scutcheon which still rested, though chipped and mouldering, over the portals of his lost ancestral house, and was about to cross the street, two young men, who seemed two or three years older than himself, emerged on horseback from the Hotel de Vandemar.

Handsome young men, with the lofty look of the old race, dressed with the punctilious care of person which is not foppery in men of birth, but seems part of the self-respect that appertains to the old chivalric point of honour. The horse of one of these cavaliers made a caracole which brought it nearly upon Alain as he was about to cross. The rider, checking his steed, lifted his hat to Alain and uttered a word of apology in the courtesy of ancient high breeding, but still with condescension as to an inferior. This little

incident, and the slighting kind of notice received from coevals of his own birth, and doubtless his own blood—for he divined truly that they were the sons of the Count de Vandemar—disconcerted Alain to a degree which perhaps a Frenchman alone can comprehend. He had even half a mind to give up his visit and turn back. However, his native manhood prevailed over that morbid sensitiveness which, born out of the union of pride and poverty, has all the effects of vanity, and yet is not vanity itself.

The Count was at home, a thin spare man with a narrow but high forehead, and an expression of countenance keen, severe, and *un peu moqueuse*.

He received the Marquis, however, at first with great cordiality, kissed him on both sides of his cheek, called him "cousin," expressed immeasurable regret that the Countess was gone out on one of the missions of charity in which the great ladies of the Faubourg religiously interest themselves, and that his sons had just ridden forth to the Bois.

As Alain, however, proceeded, simply and without false shame, to communicate the object of his visit at Paris, the extent of his liabilities, and the penury of his means, the smile vanished from the Count's face; he somewhat drew back his *fauiteuil* in the movement common to men who wish to estrange themselves from some other man's difficulties; and when Alain came to a close, the Count remained some moments seized with a slight cough; and, gazing intently on the carpet, at length he said, "My dear young friend, your father behaved extremely ill to you—dishonourably, fraudulently."

"Hold!" said the Marquis, colouring high. "Those are words no man can apply to my father in my presence."

The Count stared, shrugged his shoulders, and replied with *sang froid*—

"Marquis, if you are contented with your father's conduct, of course it is no business of mine: he never injured me. I presume, however, that, considering my years and my character, you come to me for advice—is it so?"

Alain bowed his head in assent.

"There are four courses for one in your position to take," said the Count, placing the index of the right hand successively on the thumb and three fingers of the left—"four courses, and no more.

"1st. To do as your notary recommended: consolidate your mortgages, patch up your income as you best can, return to Rochebriant, and devote the rest of your



existence to the preservation of your property. By that course your life will be one of permanent privation, severe struggle; and the probability is that you will not succeed: there will come one or two bad seasons, the farmers will fail to pay, the mortgagee will foreclose, and you may find yourself, after twenty years of anxiety and torment, prematurely old and without a sou.

"Course the 2d. Rochebriant, though so heavily encumbered as to yield you some such income as your father gave to his *chef de cuisine*, is still one of those superb *terres* which bankers and Jews and stock-jobbers court and hunt after, for which they will give enormous sums. If you place it in good hands, I do not doubt that you could dispose of the property within three months, on terms that would leave you a considerable surplus, which, invested with judgment, would afford you whereon you could live at Paris in a way suitable to your rank and age. — Need we go further? — does this course smile to you?"

"Pass on, Count; I will defend to the last what I take from my ancestors, and cannot voluntarily sell their roof-tree and their tombs."

"Your name would still remain, and you would be just as well received in Paris, and your *noblesse* just as implicitly conceded, if all Judæa encamped upon Rochebriant. Consider how few of us *gentilshommes* of the old *régime* have any domains left to us. Our names alone survive; no revolution can efface them."

"It may be so, but pardon me; there are subjects on which we cannot reason — we can but feel. Rochebriant may be torn from me, but I cannot yield it."

"I proceed to the third course. Keep the château and give up its traditions; remain *de facto* Marquis of Rochebriant, but accept the new order of things. Make yourself known to the people in power. They will be charmed to welcome you; — a convert from the old *noblesse* is a guarantee of stability to the new system. You will be placed in diplomacy; effloresce into an ambassador, a minister — and ministers nowadays have opportunities to become enormously rich."

"That course is not less impossible than the last. Till Henry V. formally resign his right to the throne of St. Louis, I can be servant to no other man seated on that throne."

"Such, too, is my creed," said the Count, "and I cling to it; but my estate is not mortgaged, and I have neither the tastes nor the age for public employments. The

last course is perhaps better than the rest; at all events it is the easiest. A wealthy marriage; even if it must be a *mésalliance*. I think at your age, with your appearance, that your name is worth at least two million francs in the eyes of a rich *roturier* with an ambitious daughter."

"Alas!" said the young man, rising, "I see I shall have to go back to Rochebriant. I cannot sell my castle, I cannot sell my creed, and I cannot sell my name and myself."

"The last all of us did in the old *régime*, Marquis. Though I still retain the title of Vandemar, my property comes from the Farmer-General's daughter, whom my great-grandfather, happily for us, married in the days of Louis Quinze. Marriages with people of sense and rank have always been *mariages de convenance* in France. It is only in *le petit monde* that men having nothing marry girls having nothing, and I don't believe they are a bit the happier for it. On the contrary, the *quarrels de ménage* leading to frightful crimes appear by the '*Gazette de Tribunaux*' to be chiefly found among those who do not sell themselves at the altar."

The old Count said this with a grim *persiflage*. He was a Voltairian.

Voltairianism deserted by the modern Liberals of France has its chief cultivation nowadays among the wits of the old *régime*. They pick up its light weapons on the battle-field on which their fathers perished, and re-feather against the *canaille* the shafts which had been pointed against the *noblesse*.

"Adieu, Count," said Alain, rising; "I do not thank you less for your advice because I have not the wit to profit by it."

"*Au revoir*, my cousin; you will think better of it when you have been a month or two at Paris. By the way, my wife receives every Wednesday; consider our house yours."

"Count, can I enter into the world which *Madame la Comtesse* receives, in the way that becomes my birth, on the income I take from my fortune?"

The Count hesitated. "No," said he at last, frankly; "not because you will be less welcome or less respected, but because I see that you have all the pride and sensitiveness of a *seigneur de province*. Society would therefore give you pain, not pleasure. More than this, I know by the remembrance of my own youth, and the sad experience of my own sons, that you would be irresistibly led into debt, and debt in your circumstances would be the loss of Rochebriant. No; I invite you to visit us.

I offer you the most select but not the most brilliant circles of Paris, because my wife is religious, and frightens away the birds of gay plumage with the scarecrows of priests and bishops. But if you accept my invitation and my offer, I am bound, as an old man of the world to a young kinsman, to say that the chances are that you will be ruined."

"I thank you, Count, for your candour; and I now acknowledge that I have found a relation and a guide," answered the Marquis, with a nobility of mien that was not without a pathos which touched the hard heart of the old man.

"Come at least whenever you want a sincere if a rude friend;" and though he did not kiss his cousin's cheek this time, he gave him, with more sincerity, a parting shake of the hand.

And these made the principal events in Alain's Paris life till he met Frederic Lemerrier. Hitherto he had received no definite answer from M. Gandrin, who had postponed an interview, not having had leisure to make himself master of all the details in the abstract sent to him.

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From Chambers' Journal.

SARAH MARTIN, THE DRESS-MAKER.

EVERY now and then there casts up some striking instance of self-sacrifice in the cause of humanity, occurring in such obscure circumstances as clearly to indicate that they arise from the purest notions of benevolence. Not but that such cases may very often spring from a certain degree of fanaticism. But that does not much signify. Enthusiasm in trying to do some good in a reasonable and practical way, is not to be sharply challenged, and even when it goes a little beyond bounds it is excusable, from being an agreeable make-weight against the too frequent exhibition of unmitigated selfishness. Of that species of quietly demonstrated benevolence which has the true ring about it, we have always looked with satisfaction on the case of John Pounds, the poor Portsmouth shoemaker, who with an inborn passion for gratuitous teaching, daily gathered a crowd of neglected and half-starved children into his humble booth, and taught them to read while hammering his leather and mending the soles of old boots. John, who has been long dead and gone, did not get much credit for his labours during his lifetime, but he nevertheless deserves to be men-

tioned as the real pioneer in what is now called ragged-school training.

John Howard, and afterwards Mrs. Fry, take a prominent place as having been leading reformers in prison discipline, and for their untiring exertions in the cause of suffering humanity they will ever be held in remembrance. Both, however, as is well known, moved in a good sphere of society. They were persons of fortune, and could afford to give time and money in carrying out their benevolent enterprises. They in no shape belonged to the John Pounds category of enthusiasts, who drudge patiently on in obscurity, doing all the good they can to their fellow-creatures, while hardly possessing means for their own daily wants. To this painfully moiling and toiling, yet determinedly resolute class of beings, belonged Sarah Martin, the dress-maker.

Sarah was a reformer of prison management in the early part of the present century, and hence was contemporaneous with Mrs. Fry; but her field of labour was of a local character, and much less a matter of general observation. If a hundred men or women with a similar hobby had scattered themselves over the country, each fixing on a particular jail as a scene of operation, there would have been room for them all. The prisons, big and little, were simply a disgrace. Only no one in high quarters thought much of what was so discreditable. A prison was traditionally reckoned to be a kind of pen-fold, into which all sorts of human wreck of a perversely troublesome kind should be thrust pell-mell, and there left to be dealt with by magistrates, hangmen, grave-diggers, or anybody. Who cared about what was going on in the prisons? Such establishments might be sinks of vice and suffering. The worse for those who got into them — they should have taken better care! That was the whole philosophy of the question at a period within the memory of persons still living.

On this fighting, brawling, miserably suffering, selfish era, Sarah Martin arose like an angel of mercy. Born in 1791, she was the daughter of a small tradesman in the village of Caister, near Yarmouth, on the coast of Norfolk. Her education, of the most meagre kind, began at a dame-school in the village. Having the misfortune to lose her parents, she was thrown on the kindness of her grandmother, who could do nothing else than put her, at from fourteen to fifteen years of age, to learn the business of dress-making in Yarmouth. It speaks not a little for the skill and spirit

of industry in the poor orphan, that after about two years' training she began as a dress-maker on her own account. As such, in a limited way, she was tolerably successful, being favoured with employment from several respectable families in the place.

Henceforth, to the end of her days, we are to view Sarah Martin as gaining her livelihood by going out to shape and sew for those requiring her services, her requital being at most only a few shillings a day. In her occupation there was, perhaps, little room to expand; nor does it appear that she ever aimed at rising to eminence in her profession. The facts regarding her business avocations are rather scanty. We only know that she was satisfied with her position, and commanded respect by the modesty of her demeanour. Though inclined to novel-reading, she was never the least light-headed. Like many young women in similar circumstances, she might doubtless have put on a good deal of sham finery, and tried to cut a dash as a holiday belle. To make herself attractive or conspicuous in this fashion, was not, however, to her taste. Naturally staid and thoughtful, she happily, when no more than nineteen years of age, heard a sermon preached, which by its persuasive piety gave a distinctly religious turn to her feelings; and following up the impulse by a frequent perusal of the Scriptures, a new view of what should be her course of duty dawned upon her.

Now commences the young dressmaker's self-imposed mission in the work of teaching and reclamation. The ignorant, the friendless, the degraded, were to be the special objects of her solicitude. Her earliest efforts lay in the direction of Sunday school teaching; from which she advanced to attendance in the workhouse, where she became a fervent visitor and consoler of the sick, the aged, and the afflicted. For the children in this resort of parochial destitution she was graciously allowed to devote a day in the week, at her own pecuniary loss, to some kind of primary instruction. To these duties, which encroached on her means of subsistence, were in time added visits to the destitute sick throughout the town, everywhere carrying spiritual consolation, and planning the elevation of the abandoned and irresolute. In this manner beginning her career, and gaining friends by the obvious simplicity of her character, she extended her ministrations to the town prison, a neglected den of infamy and misery, which stood prodigiously in need of some such benevolent visitors. She is said to

have ventured on this unusual undertaking by hearing of a woman who had been imprisoned on account of barbarous cruelty to her child. Often in passing the jail Sarah had yearned to get within its portal, in order to read the Scriptures to its inmates and attempt to stimulate their better feelings; but it was only now she mustered courage to make the effort. Timidly she requested permission to perform the visit of mercy, but was refused. The check, though discouraging, did not turn her from her purpose. She made a second attempt, and this time she had the gratification of being admitted — admitted as a favour to a prison from which all of a respectable caste shrunk with horror.

The Yarmouth prison as it then existed is pictured to have been of the lowest type — confined, loathsome, dirty, scarcely any division of the sexes, the inmates gambling, fighting, boastful over their villainous exploits, and rejoicing in contrivances for fresh delinquencies, with no chaplain or other authority to mitigate their brutality. Into this horrid arena of uproar and disgust, the poor dress-maker voluntarily entered, in the hope of reclaiming deserted and hopeless iniquity. The woman who was the primary object of her mission, was surprised to find that any one cared for her, and soon melting into tears thanked her kindly disposed visitor. So encouraged, Sarah read and expounded passages in the New Testament to other inmates who would listen to her. In these well-meant endeavours, she encountered numerous unpleasant rebuffs. But jeers, coarse abuse, and unmanly insolence, were held as nothing under a high sense of duty. Never faltering in her attempts, her simplicity and her gentleness won on hearts steeled to ordinary impressions. Sometimes she was shocked with the scenes that were presented, as well as with the language that met her ear; still she persevered, and gradually gained that degree of respect and confidence which gave her an ascendancy over even the most profligate. Of course, she did not reach this measure of success without a heavy sacrifice of time and trouble, or in other words of loss in her means of livelihood. As if this were but a secondary consideration she actually gave up every Monday to unpaid work in the prison. This was in addition to her attendance on Sundays, on which she effected the introduction of regular divine service; and what is still more remarkable, she, in the absence of anything better, delivered sermons and ad-

dresses of her own composition, said to have been very appropriate and efficacious.

We are afforded a glimpse of what she did in this department of her labours in the report of an official visitor to the prison. It is dated Sunday, November 29, 1835. "Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled. A female resident in the town officiated. Her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England. Two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well — much better than I have heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her. It was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the most profound attention, and the most marked respect; and as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."

But this zealous prison apostle did not confine herself to reading and general instruction. She had the tact to perceive that as long as there was nothing but sheer idleness among the prisoners, there was little chance of their moral and intellectual improvement. Accordingly she introduced various petty industries, such as making straw hats, bone-spoons, and boys' caps, and also instructed the women in the sewing of gray cotton shirts. Not stopping at this, she contrived the formation of a fund to furnish work for prisoners when discharged, along with a plan for their outdoor supervision.

It can hardly be supposed that Sarah Martin could in a course of years effect such changes for the better without attracting attention, and raising up friends to help her in the work of benevolence. The public seem to have got a little ashamed that a poor dress-maker, who did not perhaps earn more than ten or twelve shillings a week — at all events not more than kept her alive and paid for her lodgings — should have undertaken a task so herculean, and been so successful. A few began to give her contributions of small sums to purchase Bibles and other books requisite to carry out her plans of instruction. The succour came just in time, for she was beginning to experience privations, though prepared to submit to want rather than give up her noble enterprise.

We have not space to go into a narrative of Sarah's subsequent proceedings, nor is it necessary for us to do so; for ample details were years ago (April, 1847) presented in the *Edinburgh Review*, and now a full account of this remarkable woman is given in her Memoir, just published by the Religious Tract Society. Only a few facts may be added to complete the outline of her career. As the result of assiduous labours, mental and bodily, during a period of twenty years, her health began to break down, and jail ministrations had to be relinquished into the hands of those who were regularly constituted for this species of work. Her plans had been successful, not only as regards the reclamation of old and young of both sexes, but had contributed to the establishment of a defined system of prison discipline, such as now prevails. In her latter days she gave some superintendence to a school of factory girls, and performed acts of kindness in visiting the sick in the poorer parts of the town. At last these labours proved too much for her enfeebled frame, and she lay down to die. Her concluding days were clouded by the pain of an acute complaint, which opiates could but temporarily assuage. She died October 15, 1843, and was interred at Caister.

So terminated the useful and extraordinary career of Sarah Martin, whose name, whose unaffected practical piety, and innumerable good deeds effected under extreme difficulty, we have no small degree of satisfaction in being able to commemorate in these pages. It is painful to think how a really poor woman should have been left to do and suffer so much in the cause of humanity, scarcely receiving thanks for her self-sacrifice. No doubt, she had her own great reward, but that does not lessen our feeling of regret that so little was done to show anything like a general sense of gratitude for her labours during her lifetime. Not long since, a beautiful window of stained glass was erected to her memory by public subscription in the ancient church of St. Nicholas, at Yarmouth, which at least indicates that her modest merits are at length fully appreciated. Let us, too, though at this late day, add our meed of acknowledgment. As we have spoken with approbation of John Pounds as the pioneer in ragged-school instruction, let us do equal justice to Sarah Martin, the humble sempstress of Yarmouth, and help to inscribe her name in the honoured roll of the Howards, Frys, Buxtons, and others who distinguished themselves as reformers of prison discipline.

W. C.

From The People's Magazine.  
AN EVENING WITH MRS. SOMERVILLE.

SCATTERED recollections, contributed by various people, make perhaps the best materials for a biography; and any one who has a vivid personal memory of a distinguished character, however small the facts it relates to, does good service by making it known. This is the excuse for putting forward these few reminiscences of the famous Mary Somerville, who has lately passed away.

I was fortunate enough to have an introduction to her family when I visited Naples in the winter of 1870. They were living in the top story of a great palazzo on the Riviera di Chiaja; a suite of spacious rooms, facing the bay, and approached by a great staircase that seemed, as is always the case in Italy, to get cleaner and more sumptuous the higher you ascended. You passed through two or three anterooms, gathering as you went a truly Italian impression of marble and space, and then found yourself at the door of the great drawing-room. It was only in the evening that Mrs. Somerville received, and it is an evening impression that the room has left; great dim distances, a few lights at the farther end, barely distinguishing the plates of Raffaele Majolica on the walls and the antique bronzes on the marble tables; and in the far corner two ladies working, and a third lady, old and small, sitting watchful and dignified in her low arm-chair.

This was Mrs. Somerville; it was her ninetyeth birth-day when I saw her first. She put down the English newspaper as I approached, and, after her kind greeting, settled down for a gossip. Her ninety years seemed to have withered her frame; but it was wiry and firm still, her eyes were keen, her voice clear, only her hearing was impaired. Still it was quite possible to talk with her if you raised your voice; and it was easy to make her talk more than listen. Of course the war was our first subject; she had foreseen it fifty years before, at the Restoration. She was military and commiserating, critic and woman, by turns; now shaking her head over the dead and dying, now speculating about the fall of Paris. You had but to close your eyes and to fancy a clever *modern* English woman talking; the words and thoughts were as fresh and current as those of the clever young wife of a clever young member in a parliament of to-day.

It was the same in the other subjects which we discussed; Italy and the Italian character, the latest changes at Oxford, and what not.

But of course she was most interesting when she came to talk of herself. "I do not apologize for talking of myself," she said; "for it is always good for the young to hear that old age is not so terrible as they fear. My life is a very placid one. I have my coffee early; from eight to twelve I read or write in bed; then I rise and paint in my studio for an hour—that is all I can manage now! The afternoon is my time for rest; then comes dinner-time, and after that I sit here and am glad to see any kind friends who may like to visit me." Then she would explain what was the reading and writing she was engaged upon. She was correcting and adding to the first edition of *Molecular and Microscopic Science*: "only putting it in order for my daughter to publish when a second edition is called for after my death. Oh, they are quite competent to do it," she would say, with a smile; "I took care they should be much better educated than I was. And I am reading a good deal now—reading Herodotus. I took him down from my shelves the other day—it was the first time I had tried Greek for fifty years—to see if I had forgotten the character. To my delight, I found I could read him and understand him quite easily. What a charming writer Herodotus is!" All this was without the slightest pedantry; the utterance of a perfectly natural, simple mind, that dwelt upon subjects which interested it when it saw that they interested its neighbour.

The impression which Mrs. Somerville left upon one from this evening, and several like it spent in her company, was that of a thoroughly harmonious character, widely sympathetic and intensely individual. She had developed those two sides of her nature in the most complete way, and the result was a perfectly calm old age. The extraordinary power of abstraction which enabled her to work out a mathematical problem amid the buzz of conversation was typical of her whole mind. She was great, because she was so perfectly self-contained. Yet her sympathies, as has been said, were wide and warm. Such balance of character is a rare spectacle at any time; is perhaps rarest in extreme old age; and is precious in proportion to its rarity.



## MRS. BROWNING'S DOG "FLUSH."

If Mr. Darwin's dogs are in the habit of turning aside their blushing faces, on being plied with titbits, they must be singular samples of their race. My own experience of dog-demeanour at table, like that of Filma, is of a contrary character. I have the warmest affection and respect for dogs, and am even not far from endorsing the Frenchman's dictum, that "*Ce qu'il y a de mieux dans l'homme, c'est le chien.*" But backwardness in "asking for more" is not a virtue I should attribute to them generically. That they sometimes display a capricious delicacy of appetite is undeniable, but would not be worth dwelling on here, if it did not enable me to revive the memory of a dog famous in song. I allude to Mrs. Browning's dog, Flush. It was my privilege to keep up a correspondence with that lady during a period of many years, and Flush's name found frequent mention in her letters. On one occasion she had expressed her regret at his growing plumpness, and I suppose I must have been cruel enough to suggest starvation as a remedy, for her next letter opens with an indignant protest:—

"Starve Flush! Starve Flush! My dear Mr. Westwood, what are you thinking of? And besides, if the crime were lawful and possible, I deny the necessity. He is fat, certainly—but he has been fatter; as I say, sometimes, with a sigh of sentiment—he has been fatter, and he may therefore become thinner. And then he does not eat after the manner of dogs. I never saw a dog with such a ladylike appetite, nor knew of one by tradition. To eat two small biscuits in succession is generally more than he is inclined to do. When he has meat it is only once a day, and it must be so particularly well cut up and offered to him on a fork, and he is so subtly discriminative as to differences between boiled mutton and roast mutton, and roast chicken and boiled chicken, that often he walks away in disdain, and 'will have none of it.' He makes a point, indeed, of taking his share of my muffin and of my coffee, and a whole queen's cake when he can get it; but it is a peculiar royalty of his to pretend to be indifferent even to these; to refuse them when offered to him—to refuse them once, twice, and thrice—only to keep his eye on them that they should not vanish from the room, by any means, as it is his intention to have them at last. My father is quite vexed with me sometimes, and given to declare that I have instructed Flush in the 'art of giving himself airs,' and otherwise that no dog in the world could be, of his own accord and instinct, so like a woman. But I never did so instruct him. The 'airs' came, as the wind blows. He surprises me, just as he surprises other people—and more, because I see more

of him. His sensibility on the matter of vanity strikes me most amusingly. To be dressed up in necklaces and a turban is an excessive pleasure to him; and to have the glory of eating everything that he sees me eat, is to be glorious indeed. Because I offered him cream-cheese on a bit of toast, and *forgot the salt*, he refused at once. It was Bedreddin and the unsalted cheesecake over again. And this, although he hates salt, and is conscious of his hatred of salt;—but his honour was in the salt, according to his view of the question, and he insisted on its being properly administered. Now tell me if Flush's notion of honour, and the modern world's, are not much on a par. In fact, he thought I intended, by my omission, to place him *below the salt*.

"My nearest approach to starving Flush (to come to an end of the subject) is to give general instructions to the servant who helps him to his dinner, 'not to press him to eat.' I know he ought not to be fat—I know it too well—and his father being, according to Miss Mitford's account, '*square*,' at this moment, there is an hereditary reason for fear. So he is not to be '*pressed*'—and, in the meantime, with all the incipient fatness, he is as light at a jump, and as quick of spirits as ever, and quite well.

"April, 1845."

In a later letter she says:—

"May I tell you I have 'lost and won' poor Flush again, and that I had to compound with the thieves and pay six guineas, in order to recover him, much as I did last year—besides the tears, the tears! And when he came home he *began to cry*. His heart was full, like my own. Nobody knows, except you and me, and those who have experienced the like affections, what it is to love a dog and lose it. Grant the love, and the loss is imaginable; but I complain of the fact that people, who will not, or cannot grant the love, set about 'wondering how one is not ashamed to make such a fuss for a dog!' As if love (whether of dogs or man) must not have the same quick sense of sorrow! For my part, my eyelids have swelled and reddened both for the sake of lost dogs and birds—and I do not feel particularly ashamed of it. For Flush, who loves me to the height and depth of the capacity of his own nature, if I did not love *him*, I could love nothing. Besides, Flush has a *soul* to love. Do you not believe that dogs have souls? I am thinking of writing a treatise on the subject, after the manner of Plato's famous one."

And again:—

"The only time, almost, that Flush and I quarrel seriously, is when I have, as happens sometimes, a parcel of new books to undo and look at. He likes the undoing of the parcel, being abundantly curious; but to see me absorbed in what he takes to be admiration for the new books is a different matter, and makes him superlatively jealous. I have two long ears flapping into my face immediately from the pillow

over my head, in serious appeal. Poor Flushie! The point of this fact is, that when I read old books, he does not care."

I cannot refrain from giving the conclusion of this letter, though it is apart from the subject:—

"I am thinking—lifting up my pen—what I can write which is likely to be interesting to you. After all, I come to chaos and silence, and even old night, it is growing so dark. I live in London, to be sure, and except for the glory of it, I might live in a desert—so profound is my solitude, and so complete my isolation from things and persons without. I lie all day, and day after day, on this sofa, and my windows do not even look into the street. To abuse myself with a vain deceit of rural life, I have had ivy planted in a box—and it has flourished and spread over one window, and strikes against the glass, with a little stroke from the thicker leaves, when the wind blows at all briskly. Then I think of forests and groves . . . it is my triumph, when the leaves strike the window-pane. And this is not to sound like a lament. Books and thoughts and dreams (too consciously dreamed, however, for me—the illusion of them has almost passed) and domestic tenderness can and ought to leave nobody lamenting. Also God's wisdom, deeply steeped in His love, is . . . as far as we can stretch out our hands."

Our chief King Poet still reigns, in spite of disloyalty, but our chief Queen Poet, from the beginning of years, was taken from us when that tender, noble, heroic life beat its last beat.

One farewell word to Flush. His early life was a sequestered one, but he saw much of men and things, after his mistress's marriage—went to Paris, Rome, and Florence, wagged his tail in "Casa Guidi Windows," had one or two perilous adventures—lost his coat, and became a dreadful guy in the warm climate; but lived to an advanced old age, and was beloved and honoured to the end. Here is his epitaph, written in his youth:—

"Of thee it shall be said,  
This dog watched beside a bed  
Day and night unwearied—  
Watched within a curtained room,  
Where no sunshine brake the gloom,  
Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase,  
In that chamber died apace,  
Beam and breeze resigning—  
This dog only, waited on,  
Knowing that, when light is gone,  
Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew,  
Tracked the hares and followed through

Sunny moor or meadow—  
This dog only, crept and crept  
Next a languid cheek that slept,  
Sharing in the shadow.

And if one or two quick tears  
Dropped upon his glossy ears,  
Or a sigh came double—  
Up he sprang in eager haste,  
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast  
In a tender trouble.

Therefore to this dog will I,  
Tenderly, not scornfully,  
Render praise and favour:  
With my hand upon his head  
Is my benediction said,  
Therefore, and for ever."

T. WESTWOOD.

BRUSSELS.

Notes and Queries.

#### From Chambers' Journal. PARTY COLOURS.

THE abstract is never popular, because it cannot be grasped by common minds, and we therefore find that the masses like their principles made tangible to the eye. This accounts for the variety of party badges, for which the greatest enthusiasm is often felt. In many districts the different parties are never described as Liberal and Conservative, but are referred to by the names of their respective colours.

Election colours vary all over the country, and they are sometimes (especially in the various counties) taken from the livery of the candidate or of some local magnate.

Blue is a very favourite colour, and considering its long association with truth, we need not be surprised that each party has attempted to "mark it for its own." Chaucer refers to blue's characteristic in the *Squire's Tale*, as follows:

And by hire bedde's hed she made a mew,  
And covered it with velouettes blew,  
In signe of trouthe that is in woman sene.

And again, in the *Court of Love*:

Lo, yondir folke (quod she) that knele in blew,  
They were the colour aye, and ever shal,  
The signe they were, and ever will be true  
Withouten change.

The Earl of Surrey, in his *Complaint of a Dying Lover*, associates truth with blue in the same manner:

By him I made his tomb, in token he was true,  
And, as to him belonged well, I covered it with  
blue.

True blue is now chiefly associated with

the Tory party, but it was not always so, for Hudibras was "Presbyterian true blue." The Whigs continued the use of blue; and in some satirical lines published after Bishop Burnet's death, the devil is represented as asking after Dr. Hoadley, and Burnet as answering:

Oh, perfectly well:

A truer blue Whig you have not in hell.

During the Gordon Riots of 1780, blue ribbons were worn by all the rioters. Lord George Gordon on one occasion appeared in the House of Commons with a blue cockade in his hat, when Colonel Herbert sprang up and said he would not sit in the House while a member wore the badge of sedition in his hat. After this, Lord George put his cockade into his pocket.

Blue, when associated with Buff, has long been connected with the party of progress; and the use of yellow appears to date back to the time of the Great Rebellion. The soldiers of the parliament wore orange tawny scarfs, and in Whitelock's *Memorials* we learn the cause of the adoption of this colour. Under the date of August 22, 1642, we read: "The Earl of Essex's colour was a deep yellow, others setting up another colour were held malignant, and ill affected to the Parliament's cause." The Scotch troops in the service of Gustavus Adolphus are said to have worn blue and buff. These colours were at the height of their popularity in the time of Charles James Fox. That statesman was always dressed in a blue coat with gilt buttons, and buff waistcoat, and all his followers of both sexes wore the same colours. At one of the political entertainments at Carlton House, the Prince of Wales proposed the health of the famous wit and beauty, Mrs. Crewe, of whom Fox felicitously wrote:

Where the loveliest expression to feature is joined,  
By Nature's most delicate pencil designed;  
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,  
Speak the sweetness and feeling that dwell in the heart.

The health was given in the following form:

Buff and Blue,  
And Mrs. Crewe.

The lady promptly responded:

Buff and Blue,  
And all of you.

These famous colours still exist on the cover of the *Edinburgh Review*, as they did when Byron wrote in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*:

Ere the next Review

Soars on its wings of saffron and of blue.

Burns writes:

It's guid to be merry and wise;  
It's guid to be honest and true;  
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
And bide by the Buff and the Blue.

Orange and blue were William III's colours, and they are still borne by the Orange lodges of Ireland, by which means they have become strongly associated with an anti-catholic spirit. The late Lord Macaulay, when speaking on the state of Ireland in the House of Commons (February 19, 1844), said he was struck on his election for Leeds by observing the orange-coloured finery used by his adherents, who were zealous for Catholic emancipation. Orange ribbons and cockades were seen everywhere, and he was told that the friends of the Catholics had always rallied under the Orange banner, as the sign of toleration.

In Cumberland and Westmoreland, Blue and Yellow are the local colours, but not associated, for the first is Liberal, and the last Conservative. Here the respective parties are known as Blues and Yellows, not as Liberals and Conservatives. Different shades of blue have occasionally been used in these counties, as when Sir James Graham and William Blamire were chaired, one in a dark-blue, and the other in a light-blue chair. Other colours have been Orange and Purple, and White and Blue. Pink or Crimson has been used by a Conservative county candidate, and a Chartist has "sporting" red or green banners.

Blue has long been the Whig or Liberal colour in Lincolnshire. Sir William Talmash, afterwards Lord Huntingtower, an eccentric possessing much property in Grantham and its neighbourhood about the beginning of the present century, added the word Blue to the signs of all the public-houses he possessed, which accounts for the large number of Blue Lions, Blue Boars, &c., there to be found. True Blue is and has been for many years the Tory colour at Exeter, as Yellow is the Whig; and in Suffolk, the Tories fight under the Blue flag, one of their poets singing:

True Blue will never stain;  
Yellow will with a drop of rain.

The Rev. John Eagles, author of the *Sketcher*, wrote some lines on True Blue, beginning:

There are five fine colours that flaunt and flare,  
All pleasant and gay to see;

But of all the fine colours that dance in the air,  
True Blue's the colour for me.

At Norwich, Blue and White are the Whig colours, and Orange and Purple the Tory; but, curiously enough, the colours for the county of Norfolk are not only not the same, but vary greatly. At one election, the Whigs were distinguished by Orange and Blue, at another by Orange and White; the Tories being Pink and Purple. At an election for one seat only the Whigs bore Green and the Tories Purple colours. At Preston, dark Blue was the Tory colour, and the Whigs bore the Stanley colour, Orange, the Independent Liberal being Green. When Hunt was a candidate, he adopted Red; but now the regular Liberal colour is Green, and lately the chairman of a large political meeting called on the thousands present to rally round the Green flag of Liberalism, the colour which meant vitality. Unfortunately, Green also means inconstancy, and it is not, therefore, a popular hue.

One of the oddest exemplifications of devotion to a party colour is the desire expressed at various times by different people to be buried in that one to which they had adhered through life. An old woman of Ipswich, by the directions of her will, was laid in a blue-lined coffin. She was a Tory. But a Liberal Blue in another part of the country was buried in the same way, and followed to the grave by mourners clad in Blue. A Cumberland patriot once denoted his political opinions by invariably wearing an enormous blue hat; at length, on the occasion of an election, he was disappointed at not receiving the usual *honorarium*, and thoroughly disgusted, he refused to vote either Yellow or Blue, and at the dead of night he solemnly buried his blue hat.

Such are a few of the vagaries of human nature; outbreaks of popular feeling which the philosopher in his study may call madness, but which influences himself like other men when he goes out into the world. Election displays have of late years been much shorn of their grandeur, but it will probably be many a day before party colours are counted among things of the past.

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From Once a Week.

#### KOTOW.

It is curious that the form of making a bow should for years have stood in the way of our amicable diplomatic relations with

China. The history of the Kotow squabbles is not less curious than the fact of their existence. Although Kotow is not to be found in the second volume of Latham's large English dictionary (1870), the word is, as everybody knows, thoroughly acclimatized—belonging to us by adoption rather than by grace. The expressions, he would or would not Kotow to such a one, are so common as to be household words. But the performance of the Kotow itself before that high and most mighty potentate, Son of the Moon, and the near relative of all stars of any respectable magnitude, his Imperial Majesty, Tungehi, of China, &c., &c., supreme, is quite another thing. The ambassador from the Court of St. James's at Pekin has, from the first institution of an embassy in China, in 1793, to the present day, more or less angrily resented the proposal made by the Chinese that he should approach the Imperial Majesty of China on his hands and knees, in gait and manner like an Oriental slave, rather than a Minister Plenipotentiary, and a freeborn Briton to boot. So the Kotow question remains where it was nearly a century ago; and it is not likely that the advisers of the young Emperor will allow him to give way in the matter, and receive from Europeans the same form of homage they pay to their sovereigns at home. The cry of Chinese ministers dealing with "barbarian ambassadors" in the Imperial presence is for the Kotow, the whole Kotow, and nothing but the Kotow. In 1859 the American minister tried his best to cut the knot, but without success. He said he "felt the same respect for the Emperor of China as for his own President." The effect of this on the Court of Pekin, however, was not to throw oil on the troubled waters. "This language of the American barbarian just places China on a par with the barbarians of the South and East, an arrogation of greatness which is simply ridiculous." In the reign of George III., Lord Macartney offered to perform the Kotow before Kien-lung (then Emperor), if the Chinese would undertake, whenever they visited England, to perform precisely similar homage before our Sovereign. This they refused to do. But his Majesty Kien-lung gave way, and received King George's autograph letter in the European fashion from Lord Macartney, on bended knee only. Kea-king, the next Emperor, behaved with less sense; and in 1816, Lord Amherst, our second ambassador, was incessantly worried, caajoled, and bored by the Chinese Commissioners on the subject of the Kotow. But

he refused to perform any such base homage to his Majesty Kea-king, and he left the capital with his mission unperformed. In 1860, Lord Elgin went out to ratify the treaty of 1858, and to present an autograph letter from the Queen to Hienfung; and his refusal to Kotow led to a rupture at once. Ever since that date we have had a Minister Plenipotentiary at Peking, but he has been persistently refused the right of audience. Now his Majesty Tungehi is of age, and may act in the matter for himself. Upon his conduct depends the solution of the great audience question. To Kotow or not to Kotow has troubled our relations with China for eighty years.

root and branch, and they regard the State as the only power strong enough to bit and bridle it, and render it virtually impotent,—which will lead to its destruction.

If that were what is really desirable, it seems not impossible that these measures will succeed,—at least with the weaker and less hardy religious sects of Germany. The Evangelicals have taken alarm as well as the Roman Catholics, and are protesting, not so vigorously and unanimously, but still earnestly, against the bondage which is being prepared for them. But it does not seem that the imagination of the politicians as distinguished from that of the religious sects of Germany has taken any alarm. The liberals forget, perhaps on how many sides the moral feeling of the people is bound up with their religious feeling, how easy it would be for the Government, if it once gets complete power over the religious organizations, to check the growth of deep moral convictions unfavourable to the action of the State,—how even in constitutional questions it might easily happen that a question should be raised between the Crown and the people, in which the people would need all the power of religious enthusiasm to help them to defeat the autocracy of the Crown, and how wholly at the mercy of the Administration these new Bills will place the pastors of all sects, so that it will be hardly possible for an enthusiasm hostile to any State policy to develop itself through the Churches if these measures pass.

For undoubtedly the conception of these new measures comes much nearer to the notion of a perfectly uniform caste of religious teachers, and an absolute State veto on all religious teaching unpleasant to the authorities, than any system we Englishmen have known since the time of the Tudors. By the new Bill, every religious teacher in Prussia must attend the State schools, and afterwards the State Universities; he must not live in any sectarian college while attending these Universities, and he must attend the theological classes of the Universities, however distasteful to himself or his friends they may be. He is examined by the State in literature and science before he can enter any religious ministry, and cannot enter it without a State certificate. Even after obtaining that certificate, he can take no religious office without the assent of the State, and after he has entered any one, cannot change it for another without the assent of the State. The State may object to

From The Economist.  
THE PRUSSIAN STATE CHURCH.

THE Germans are certainly thorough in all they attempt. They conquer thoroughly, impose very thoroughgoing indemnities, enforce their payment in a thorough manner, and are extremely thorough in their methods of annexation. But the most remarkable illustration of the thoroughness of their policy is the measures which the Prussian Administration are now taking to countermince the discontent of the Roman Catholic Church with the policy of the Empire. Prince Bismarck has decided to apply his remedy not merely to the particular annoyance which he wished to remove, but to the source of *all* annoyances which ecclesiastical bodies might find it possible to cause the Prussian State; to sweep away, in short, as far as possible, the opportunity of every church in Prussia for offering any formidable resistance to the policy supported by the State. The new ecclesiastical laws which Dr. Falk has already virtually passed through the Lower House of the Prussian Diet, are no doubt aimed primarily at the Roman Church, but they do not mention any church by name; they apply equally to all churches; and should a difference arise at any time between the Protestant bodies and the State, as serious as there has been of late between the Roman Catholics and the State, the new laws would be quite as drastic remedies for the outburst of Protestant indignation as they are now likely to prove for the discontent and disloyalty of Roman Catholics. And oddly enough, this is the great recommendation of these measures to the German Liberals. They want, they say, to destroy the "Pfaffen-thums," Protestant as well as Catholic,



any appointment to a clerical office, on the ground that the teacher teaches what is dangerous to the interests of the State; and the Court of appeal is certain to support the Minister in his views on this head. Thus every religious teacher is bound hand and foot to the State. If he wishes to preach against a political proposal, he knows well that this will be fatal to his prospects, and that at the next step in his career the Minister will bar the way of his promotion. And indeed, in all probability, with the careful steps taken in early life to impress upon his mind the dead uniformity of opinions which the State has once sanctioned, the ministers of religion—those of them at least who submit to the laws—will be very little more in Prussia under these laws than a great spiritual constabulary whose eyes wait upon the beck of the State, and who will apply in the moral region the same spirit of martinism which the Prussian police apply in the physical region.

We do not think this kind of legislation wholesome. We have no sympathy whatever with the ambitious attempts of the Church of Rome to interfere in political matters, and think that any punishments which priests may incur for disobeying the ordinary civil law of the realm are just punishments. But to prevent such measures as these, by giving the State practically a veto on the spontaneous life of the moral and religious teachers of the nation, is, to our minds, to apply a remedy far more mischievous than the disease. It is impossible to combine the active interference and restriction of the State with the chief benefit which is obtained by religious teaching. That benefit is, we suppose, the fostering of deep and warm and spontaneous moods of feelings on the subject of the highest ideal motives and the true destiny of man; but the State, from the very necessity of the case, is occupied in considering how to make it easiest to govern, and how to avoid outbursts of popular impulse against its own favourite schemes. Of course, if it can avoid them by cutting them off at their source, it will do so. Anything that looks "dangerous," that looks as if it would give trouble, the State will prohibit, if it can. But which of the great spontaneous movements of thought and feeling in all history has not looked dangerous, has not been regarded with jealous eyes by the powers interested in preserving order, when it first broke forth? Could the Anti-Slavery movement have assumed the great proportions it did in America before the Civil War, if the State

had had a veto on all ministers of religion who taught doctrines unfavourable to its authority? Nay, could even a great religious movement go on in Prussia itself against political corruptibility such as has been lately brought to light in connection with the railway system, if the ministers who took it up knew that they could not offend the State without losing all hope of a career, even in the profession they had chosen for themselves? It is impossible for the State to help wishing to make the wheels of government run smooth; now the great advantage of the free religious life of a people is generally to awaken vital forces which make the wheels of government run anything but smoothly, and of course the administration will resent the trouble which such forces give, and try to keep them in check. We sincerely believe then, that civil society in Prussia, in the unfortunate enthusiasm of its new self-respect, is making a very serious mistake when it gives Prince Bismarck its support for this restrictive legislation. Possibly the Government will succeed in the immediate object before it, possibly also it may fail by attempting too much and bringing on a reaction; but whether it succeed or fail, this legislation must seriously choke the springs of those spontaneous popular convictions and emotions from which half the depth and fulness and elasticity and nobility of any people's life proceeds. It cannot promote either freedom of heart or freedom of thought to fashion the popular teachers of a nation all in one mould; and even then, to bind the mover by the most stringent guarantees not to give utterance to any thought which is likely to be seriously offensive to the ruling caste.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
HISTORY OF RUSSIAN PROGRESS IN  
CHINA.

It was not until the end of the fifteenth century that the first Russian settlement was made on the Asiatic side of the Ural Mountains. In 1587 Tobolsk was built. Then followed in quick succession the establishment of Tomsk, Yakutsk, and Okhotsk, and in 1636 reports brought by wandering Cossacks of the wealth of the Amoor district stimulated the Government of the Czar to push their outposts across the intervening space of plain and forest to the coasts of Chinese Manchuria. Several successive expeditions were fitted out for this purpose, and in 1650 one Khaba-

rof, after having committed deeds which have left a lasting stigma on the Russian name, succeeded in penetrating as far as the Lower Amoor. The following year witnessed the first collision between the subjects of the Czar and the soldiers of the Emperor of China. In attempting to land from his boats to attack a native fort situated on the bank of the river, Khabarof was met by the Daurian garrison and fifty Manchoo horsemen, who, however, fled at the first discharge of the Russian firearms. The fort was carried by assault, and the garrison were put to the sword, no quarter being given by the Russians to its comparatively defenceless defenders.

On the day succeeding the capture of this fort, the Manchoo fugitives returned accompanied by a Chinese mandarin, who visited the Russian commander, and expressed a hope that the people of the two nations might for the future live together in amity. But it soon became apparent that peace could only be maintained by the cession to Russia of the whole of the Amoor district, and the Chinese, who were in no humour thus to yield to the invaders, thereupon sent reinforcements into the threatened provinces, and in 1652 attacked the Russian fort of Achanskoi Gorod. Here, again, the Russians were victorious, and the Manchoes retreated, leaving 676 dead on the field, while ten only of the garrison were killed. In 1654 Stepanof was sent to command the Russian forces, and suffered a repulse while attempting to ascend the Sungari. But this reverse by no means checked his daring, and the successful resistance he offered to an attack made on his position by an army of 10,000 Chinese soldiers in the following year completely restored his prestige.

The accession of Kanghi to the throne of China marked the beginning of a new era in the fortunes of that empire, and was followed by the commencement of a new system of intercourse with the Russians. After numberless engagements with the Cossack armies, in which the usual fortunes of war attended the two forces, Kanghi in 1670 despatched an embassy to St. Petersburg to complain of the encroachments made on his territory by the subjects of the Czar. A conciliatory answer was returned to the ambassador, and Milovanof was sent to China personally to assure the Emperor of the Czar's friendly feeling towards him. On his arrival at Peking Milovanof was received in audience by the Emperor, and he finally returned to St. Petersburg laden with presents and

rewards. The hopes to which this embassy gave rise in the minds of the Chinese were doomed to speedy disappointment. The aggressive action of the Russians showed no diminution, and in 1674 they even went the length of making the Tunguzians in the neighbourhood of Albazin tributary to the Czar. This step was one which they knew would be resented by the Chinese, and Nicolas Spafarik, a native of Greece, was therefore sent on an embassy to Peking to mitigate the wrath of the Emperor. Notwithstanding the ill success of his negotiations with Milovanof, Kanghi received this envoy also, but in return for this condescension a promise was extracted from Spafarik that his countrymen should cease to navigate the Lower Amoor. In no sense was this promise kept, and the Chinese, wearied of diplomatic action, made preparations to take the field. The campaign of 1682 commenced with the defeat of a detachment of Cossacks, some of whom were taken prisoners and sent to Peking. The tide of victory now for a brief space turned to the side of the Chinese, and by the end of the year, the Russians were completely driven out of the Lower Amoor, and Albazin, a fortified place of considerable importance, was captured and razed to the ground. Two years later, however, the Russians regained the territory they had lost, and, feeling that they were then in position to treat on terms of equality with the Chinese, they proposed to open negotiations. But numerous delays occurred, and it was only after the despatch of two successive envoys to Peking that it was finally agreed that commissioners should be appointed on either side to fix definitely the boundary lines between the two empires. Nerchinski was chosen as the place of meeting, and thither in 1689 Golovin on the part of Russia, and two representatives of the Court of Peking repaired. The Chinese Commissioners, contrary to the agreed stipulations arrived at Nerchinski with an overwhelming force, evidently with the intention of lowering the Russian demands. But, although the presence of so large an army caused Golovin no little uneasiness, he yet succeeded in persuading the Chinese to draw the boundary along the line of the River Uruon and "the long chain of mountains extending from the sources of the Kerbecki to the Eastern Ocean." Thus was peace secured, and the famous compact of Nerchinski formed the basis of the Convention concluded in 1733 of all communication between the two

Powers until it was superseded by the treaty made by Count Poutiatine at Tientsin in the year 1858.

During this interval numerous Russian embassies, more or less of a mercantile nature, visited Peking, where they were always hospitably received, and where a house, known as the "Russia House," was set apart especially for their accommodation. Batches of Russian youths were also allowed to take up their residence in the capital for periods not exceeding ten years for the purpose of studying Chinese, and complimentary presents were freely exchanged between the respective Emperors. Among the people of the two countries there has always existed an inclination to assimilate, and at this present moment, in the northern quarter of Peking, are to be found numerous descendants of the Cossack prisoners taken by the Chinese during the wars of the seventeenth century, who, on the conclusion of the Treaty of Nerchinski, preferred rather to remain in the land of their captivity than to return to Siberia.

In the year 1857 the question of colonizing the Amoor district again seriously occupied the attention of the Russians, and at the same time the arrival of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros in force in China, with orders to make new treaties, appeared to them to be a favourable opportunity for gaining a further cession of territory. To accomplish this object Count Poutiatine was sent overland with directions to claim an audience at Peking, and, as it was reported, to offer substantial assistance against the Taeping rebels in exchange for the three Manchurian provinces of Girin, Amoor, and Leaotung. But the refusal of the Emperor to receive the Count at Peking unless he were prepared to perform the "kotow," and certain aggressive measures taken by the mandarins on the Amoor, showed that the Chinese were inclined rather to act on the offensive than otherwise. The instant the Czar's Government became aware of the threatening aspect of affairs large reinforcements were despatched to the Amoor, and Count Poutiatine was instructed to lend his moral support to all demands of common interest which might be made by the Ambassadors of England and France on the Court of Peking. Acting on these orders, Count Poutiatine placed himself in communication with Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, and while he aided them in their deliberations he at the same time played the part of mediator between them and the Chinese. In this crisis the decided policy carried out

by England and France won for themselves and for Russia that which no other line of action could possibly have obtained; and when, in the summer of 1858, the Ambassadors arrived before Tientsin, instead of finding the Chinese possessed with the spirits of pride and presumptuous daring, they were met by overtures for peace. A like spirit soon manifested itself on the Amoor, and Muravief, the Governor-General of Siberia, who arrived in the month of May at the head of troops prepared to fight, found there was no longer occasion for an appeal to arms. With considerable adroitness, however, he took advantage of the yielding temper of the Chinese, and concluded with the Imperial Commissioners on the spot a treaty by which China ceded to Russia the left bank of the Amoor to the Usuri, and both banks below that river. Meanwhile, Count Poutiatine, in entire ignorance of the grand coup made by his countrymen in the north, concluded a treaty at Tientsin, under the terms of which Ignatief shortly afterwards took up his residence at Peking as Russian ambassador.

The action of the Russians in China during the troublous year of 1859 is enveloped in mystery. Numerous reports were current at the time that they had attempted to gain still further concessions by offering to assist the Government against the Allies, and it is difficult to understand upon what other ground than this the Chinese could have been willing to execute the extraordinary treaty which was concluded in November of the following year, especially as it is known that subsequently several batteries of Russian guns were received at Peking. But, however this may be, the fact remains that, under the pressure of defeat by the allied armies, the Chinese Government by a stroke of the pen handed over to the Russians the whole sea-coast of Manchuria between the river Usuri and the sea, from the mouth of the Amoor to the Korean frontier. Above and beyond this, also, the old-established right of going to Peking and of trading at Urja and Kalgan was at the same time restored to the Russian merchants at Kiachta, and sites for the erection of a Russian factory and church were granted at Kashgar. The importance of this convention can scarcely be overrated. It has placed the Russians in possession of some of the finest harbours in the world, and has given them a vantage ground in the Pacific the full value of which is appreciated by none more than by the Russians themselves.



